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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

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THE OHIO ELECTION.—“The rag-baby is dead. Nothing remains but for Democrats to put it under ground as promptly as possible. \* \* \* The election of Hayes is not a Republican victory, nor a Democratic defeat. It is the defeat of an attempt to rally Democrats under Republican standards.”—WORLD.

“This is a blow from which the Inflationists will never recover. It may be looked upon as a fortunate deliverance from a great political danger. \* \* \* For the sake of the country everybody should rejoice that Inflation has nothing to show but its dead on the battlefield. \* \* \* There is but one way to retrieve these misfortunes. There is no salvation for the Democratic Party but by making administrative reform the paramount issue, and uniting the party in a strenuous opposition to the abuses which have prevailed in President Grant's administration.”—HERALD.

“The result is full of meaning. Has the Administration of President Grant or the Republican Party done anything since last year to commend either of them to public confidence or popular support? Not one thing. \* \* \* The Democrats won in Ohio, a year ago, as they have won elsewhere, because the anti-Grant Republicans and Liberals helped them. They lost, this year, on the day they repudiated their pledges of 1872, and adopted an Inflation platform. What will you do next? Heal the breach or split? Inflation, rag-money, all the nonsense of your Allens and Corgys, and all the dishonest purposes you had in mind, have been rejected by the people.”—TRIBUNE.

“Inflation is dead. It cannot be revived, even though Pennsylvania calls for it by a hundred thousand majority. This fact should be taken into consideration by the Inflation Democrats of that State, and they should do the only graceful thing—drop the financial question. For the work of reform the Pennsylvania field is ripe, and it should begin at once.”—BALTIMORE GAZETTE.



## THE OHIO RAG BABY—DEAD!

KELLEY—"Poor darling! It's dead at last, and all our tears won't revive it!"  
ALLEN—"Ah, Kelley, good, pretty and promising as it was, it hadn't enough backbone to outlive that fatal blow. Alas!"  
BUTLER—"Very sad, indeed; I've done my best to help you, but I must leave you alone in your sorrow."  
TILDEN—"I have more than one 'crusher' ready for other frauds. You shall see what will be killed next!"

[SCHURZ, in the background, executes his popular new song and dance, entitled, "Wendell, Didn't I Told You So?"

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

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THE OHIO ELECTION.

THE Democrats in Ohio have gained a loss. There was nothing better left for them to gain since the fatal day when Governor Allen was placed in nomination on an ill-compact and misshaped political platform constructed in part out of some of the very worst timber ever hewn by the Republican master-builder at Washington. To have achieved a nominal victory on that rotten structure would have been a lasting misfortune to the Ohio Democracy, a painful embarrassment to their former political confederates in other States, and, worst of all, a portent of evil omen to the honor and prosperity of the country. If in the fierce competitions of war the virtuous soldier is sometimes called, as the great English dramatist has phrased it, to make choice of loss rather "than gain which darkens him," it surely is not fitting that the patriot should prescribe to himself a less exacting rule of duty in the honorable rivalries of political strife.

To one who has watched the drift of public opinion in the United States during the last twelve months, and longer, it must be sufficiently plain that Governor Allen has been defeated by his own friends, and not by his Republican adversaries. If he could have been saved from the former he would have found it easy enough to save himself from the latter. The prestige of the Republican Party was at the lowest possible point when the Democrats of Ohio met to concert the issues of a new political campaign. A "tidal wave" sweeping over the land at the last Autumnal elections had given evidence in the month of April last, when the contest in Connecticut took place, that its force was still unspent. And only a few weeks ago, when a new trial of strength was made between the Democratic and the Republican Party in the State of Maine, it was again demonstrated that even in that steady-going Republican community the sceptre of political power was rapidly passing from the hands of the now dominant power at Washington.

Nothing but "a kind of alacrity in sinking," like that which Falstaff ascribed to himself, can account for the ingenuity with which the Democratic pilots in Ohio invented a plan for scuttling the ship which bore their political fortunes. At a moment when the whole country had hurried away in ill-disguised loathing from the Inflation policy constantly pursued by the Republican Party, a clique of political underheads, understood to have their principal rendezvous in Cincinnati, conceived a strategic movement which we believe is without a parallel in the annals of political warfare—that of borrowing the enemy's cannons after they had been spiked. It is no wonder that under such circumstances the Democratic army in Ohio should have suffered a demoralization which was the sure precursor of the discomfiture invited by its captains. The only wonder is that, with their squadrons thus wretchedly set on the field, they should have escaped a Waterloo defeat, whereas the closeness of the contest shows that they have barely escaped a triumph, notwithstanding the talent for blundering displayed by their leaders in fixing the order of battle, as also in their subsequent manoeuvres on the field. "If the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?" has asked an inspired authority, and, assuredly, no trumpet ever gave such an uncertain sound as that blown by Allen and Cary on the ears of the Ohio Democracy. "Oh, for an hour of Webster!" exclaimed the eloquent Choate, in a day of popular giddiness and defection, when, as he thought, the Whigs of Massachusetts were in danger of being "wildered by the meteor fires" of an ardent but erratic and impulsive political enthusiasm. "Oh, for an hour of Jackson!" may the Democrats of Ohio patriotically cry, as they survey the deep Serbonian bog into which they have been led by following blind guides and false lights.

If we turn from the forlorn plight of the defeated Democracy in Ohio to contemplate the attitude and bearing of the victorious Republicans, there does not seem so much to choose between them as the superficial observer might judge. If the Democrats had to spite themselves in order to get themselves defeated, it is only by spiting themselves that the Republicans have contrived to gain a transient and local triumph. If the Democrats blundered into defeat, the Republicans blundered into victory. It is agreed on all hands that the Republican leaders were slow

to profit by the vantage-ground so weakly yielded to them on the currency question. They naturally feared to bring confusion into their own ranks by effecting a rapid change of front on the question, and that, too, in the presence of the enemy, who had entrenched himself in the ruins of the old and dismantled fort which they had so long held and defended. They saw clearly enough that in closing with the Democratic enemy on that ground, they would be compelled to fire upon their own faithful troops. Hence the gingerly treatment of the currency issue by the Republican orators at the opening of the Ohio campaign. Indeed, it has been confessed by candid Republicans in Ohio that their party did not have the courage of its new opinions under this head until the outspoken declarations of the New York conventions, both Republican and Democratic, put new life and mettle in the half-hearted and timid utterances with which it entered the contest. Then came the clarion voice of Schurz, recalling Democrats to their ancient steadfastness and breathing a little more of valor in the halting Republicans. And so it came to pass that what they call "a victory" was thrust upon the Republicans with the least possible credit to themselves. And now that the victory has been thrust upon them, they do not know what to do with it. For they see as clearly as everybody else that they cannot rejoice in it without bringing shame and confusion of faces upon themselves in the blazing light of their disgraceful record on this troublesome topic.

But hard as it is to say whether the Democrats or the Republicans of Ohio occupy the more equivocal and humiliating position in this matter, it is safe to say that intelligent men and true patriots throughout the whole country, without regard to party names or badges, may find good reason to be satisfied with the result that has been reached in the premises. A pestilent heresy has been scotched, if not killed, in the ranks of the Democracy. The old and true Democratic gospel of hard money has found at least a partial and temporary lodgment in the bosom of the Republican Party, which has heretofore followed the lead of such paper-money fanatics as Morton and Kelley. It is true, we repeat, that the Republicans have blundered into the right path rather by accident than design—rather by the necessities of an antagonism suddenly forced upon them than as the result of their own free and intelligent choice. But now that they have found the straight and narrow way, let us hope that they will not return to their wallowing in the paper-money mire which has proved such a dangerous pitfall to themselves in common with the incautious Democrats who have failed to profit by their bad example. The hard-money Democrats in New York and in the other States, who have kept their skirts clean of this defilement, can well afford to lend a helping hand to the timid neophytes of the Republican faith, while at the same time reaching out a hand of sympathy and of rescue to the unlucky Democrats whose feet have slipped in the muddy places of Republican misrule and corruption.

GOVERNOR ALLEN'S DEFEAT.  
ITS CAUSE AND LESSON.

NATURALLY enough, there is in the Democratic ranks considerable soreness because of the defeat of the party in Ohio. Just as naturally the Republicans are jubilant because of their success—a success which to many of themselves was somewhat of a surprise. There is, perhaps, a little reason for sorrow in the one case as there is for joy in the other.

All sorts of explanations are being offered for the defeat; and some very absurd reasons are being presented for the victory. In Ohio, these explanations and counter explanations are made with a bitterness which is a discredit to the country. The State Executive Democratic Committee sent a dispatch to the State Democratic Committee of Philadelphia, in which it stated that the "defeat was the result of the most lavish expenditure of money which has ever characterized the political contest, the colonization of fraudulent votes and the introduction of the false issue on the public schools, which excited the prejudice and bigotry of religious hate." The Republican State Committee, in a dispatch to their friends in the same city, denounce this as a "falshood," and declare that the chairman, when he signed the dispatch, knew it to be such. Of course we have no means of knowing how far these charges are well founded. It may well be taken for granted that money was freely spent on both sides; and we need have no difficulty in believing that the Republican Party were the more lavish, for the simple reason that, being in power and having hold of the purse-strings, they have more to spend. If there be any truth in the charge that there was a colonization of fraudulent votes, complaint is the less necessary that for this there is always at hand a sure and certain remedy. If the Democrats of Ohio can find no more satisfactory explanation of their defeat than that which they have offered to their brethren of Pennsylvania, the least we can say is that they have yet much to learn. They were defeated, not because of the extravagant expenditure of money by their rivals; not because of the colonization of fraudulent votes; not

even because of the so-called false issue on the public schools, although that, no doubt, had its effect; but because of the prominence which they gave in their platform, and because of the stubborn tenacity with which they advanced during the canvass, to a pernicious doctrine which is opposed to the highest interests of the country, and repugnant to the better sense of the American people. It was Inflation which was the sharp sword in the enemy's hand.

The truth is, as we show elsewhere in this paper, the defeat of the Ohio Democracy is directly traceable to the attitude assumed by Governor Tilden, and the firm and decided position taken by the Syracuse Convention in September last. Had Governor Tilden been less decided, or had the Syracuse Convention been less explicit or less emphatic in the matter of the currency, the Ohio Democracy might have carried the day, even in spite of their Inflation heresy. If even at a late hour they had repented and eliminated Inflation from their platform, it is not impossible that to-day the victory might have been theirs. The action of the Syracuse Convention, under the inspiration of Governor Tilden, told with mighty effect over the length and breadth of the land, opening the eyes of many who were blind, and confirming the opinions of many who were wavering; and it is undeniable that large numbers of honest men, sincerely attached to the Democratic cause, were at these Ohio elections compelled to yield to higher claims than the claims of party, and to remain silent or vote in the ranks of their political rivals. "A speedy return to specie payment is demanded alike by the highest considerations of commerce, morality and honest government"—these are the words which stood broadly out on the Syracuse platform. Ohio has failed because she refused to adopt them. Pennsylvania will also fail, if she refuses to profit by the lessons of experience. If the Democracy will only be wise in time, this Ohio defeat may turn out to be a great gain rather than a great loss. We can see nothing in the defeat which is fitted to discourage them. It is only a lesson which should make them wise. They have been in error; and the error has been exposed. Inflation has been their ruin for the present. Let the lesson be taken home—let the offensive doctrine be abandoned, and the Democracy will be a unit. United and acting as one man, they ought to be able to bear down all opposition in 1876; and, if they are grateful to the man who has saved their reputation, they will carry Samuel J. Tilden to the Presidential Chair.

RESUMPTION.

THE Ohio election leaves the matter of the resumption of specie payments just where it was. It puts nothing on the statute-book and takes nothing off. The premium on gold, the volume of the currency and the state of business are unchanged. The dread of positive measures being taken for inflation of the currency is removed. The prospect of positive steps in the direction of resumption is as distant as ever. So far as it can be foreseen, the future policy of the country will be the same as it has been. The currency will be let alone and the country will be permitted to outgrow the depreciation. We are aware that we give too much credit to the Republican Party when we concede that they have not interfered with the currency. Since 1867 they have permitted an increase of the bank-note circulation and have sanctioned Boutwell's and Richardson's \$26,000,000 over-issue of the legal-tender notes. Nevertheless the amount of legal-tender and bank-notes and fractional currency for each inhabitant of the United States is considerably less than it was eight years ago. As this is an interesting point, we give a few statistics which may be considered as reliable. On the 1st of November, 1867, the total of legal-tender notes and bank-notes in existence was \$656,268,840. Deducting from this amount \$22,458,081 for currency in the United States Treasury, and \$112,391,954 for legal-tenders and bank-notes held by the banks as reserve, we have left \$521,418,805 as the total of greenbacks and bank-notes circulating among the people eight years ago. At present the total of legal-tender notes and bank-notes outstanding is about \$718,000,000, of which, on the 30th of June, 1875, \$178,000,000 was held as a reserve by the banks, \$20,000,000 more by the United States Treasurer for the cancellation of bank-notes, and \$6,000,000 as a currency balance by the Treasury, leaving \$514,000,000 as the total of notes in circulation among the people.

We regard the foregoing comparison as establishing a fact of the utmost importance. It shows that the legal-tenders and bank-notes in actual use among the people, outside of the banks and the United States Treasury, were \$521,000,000 on the 1st of November, 1867, and only about \$515,000,000 at the present time. In round numbers, the population of the country was 36,000,000 in 1867, and may be called 45,000,000 to-day. The currency per capita in active use eight years ago was therefore \$14.50, while to-day it is but \$11.50. In October, 1865, the price of gold ranged from 140 to 145, while in the present month it has varied from 115 to 117. It will be seen that the relation of the currency in active use for each head of the population corresponds exactly with the gold

premium, both indicating that ten dollars for each inhabitant is the amount of money which the United States can use outside of banks and maintain at par with gold. At the beginning of 1860 the population of the United States was 31,000,000, and the total circulation of bank-notes and coin, excluding the bank reserves, was not far from \$300,000,000, of which two-thirds or more consisted of bank-notes.

Assuming that ten dollars per head is the amount of money which can be used by the people of the United States at par value with gold coin, the question arises, How can we bring about that relation between the population and the currency? Are we to contract the currency or to wait until the population increases? Most of the difficulty which is popularly supposed to surround this problem will vanish if we merely open our eyes to what is actually going on under our nose. The currency contracts itself by the voluntary movement of the trade and business of the country. Since 1873 the people have been economizing and paying their debts. Speculation has been dead, prices have been falling, and the spirit of parsimony has taken hold of the world, for this movement is just as strongly marked in Europe as it is in America. You may theorize about the present state of things as much as you please; you may call it injurious, suicidal, or what not, but you cannot deny the fact that prices have fallen, and that less money is being used. Why have the National Banks surrendered nearly thirty millions of their circulation during the last sixteen months? No one has compelled them to do so. There simply has not been profitable use for the money. The same causes have piled up coin and bullion in the great banks of France and England, so that within the last sixty days both those immense establishments have held greater quantities of specie than they ever contained before. We are here recapitulating facts as plain as the sun at noonday. We assert boldly that the contraction of the currency has not produced the hard times, but is the natural effect of the reaction which follows a period of speculation. On the 13th of June, 1873, the National Banks held in their vaults only \$149,000,000 of bank-notes and greenbacks. On the 30th of June, 1875, they held \$178,000,000. They are just as anxious now as they were two years ago to lend their money at good interest on good security, but they cannot find the borrowers. This is the reason why they hold \$29,000,000 more of idle money than they did two years ago. The banks are not the authors, but the victims, of contraction.

It is the most arrant quackery for the paper-money people to pretend that they can prevent prices from fluctuating, and periodical eras of speculation. They cannot hinder speculators from carrying on their various and extensive operations, nor can they prevent speculations from collapsing after they have been carried to excess. Consequently, they cannot stop prices from tumbling down when the phantom wealth, which is the creation of fictitious prices, lifts its wings and flits away. When prices fall, less money is needed, and it is inevitable that less should be used. High prices are the effect of few workers and many speculators, but real wealth comes from many workers and no unnecessary speculators. We therefore answer the question with which we started, that the currency will contract itself, and that the main thing needed is to close the door to positive inflation. By the 1st of January, 1879, the population of the United States will be nearly 50,000,000, while its paper circulation, if no more greenbacks are issued by the Government, will be less than it is now. The times are not such as to tempt banks to take out notes which would only accumulate on their hands. As for making the times better, we would hold that Congress can no more do it than they can make the corn crop better. They can make things worse, just as they could destroy warehouses filled with corn and cotton. The best thing they can do for the currency is to let it alone.

THE PEOPLE AHEAD OF THEIR LEADERS.

WHILE demagogues and crack-brained orators are agitating the country by forcing the financial question prominently before the public mind, the common-sense of the people is already pointing out the only and proper solution of the question in a manner almost unnoticeable, and still remarkable for its sagacity, even though political leaders and demagogues are as yet too blind to see it. The latter cry that this country is going to financial ruin, unless the Government is doing so and so, and unless such and such a policy be installed in the United States Treasury, without looking at the only and true cause which has led to the present state of affairs. The masses of the people, however, do. They have already found out that during the war this country was led into immense expenditures, called for by extraordinary emergencies. They were led into it by the Government, to whom they gave undivided support, regardless of consequences, because the country was in peril, and patriotism for the nonce urged them to stand by the Government, right or wrong. Ten years have passed, however, and the country is at peace, but extravagance, begotten during a period of war,

still presides over the expenditures of Municipal, State and Federal Governments. Governments have no money of their own; it is the money of the people that is thus wastefully expended, and the people feel it. They suffer under it. And to tell the truth, they have already begun to set things right. They began last year, when they withdrew their support almost to a man from the party in power—from the party that knew not how to return to economy and retrenchment after the re-establishment of peace. While slowly revolutionizing things politically, they themselves, in their private expenditures, are setting an example worthy of imitation by those entrusted with the affairs of government, for the extravagance in high places has been followed by extravagance among the masses. What do we see now, however? Retrenchment, economy everywhere. It is the only road, not only towards resuming specie payments—if this, indeed is the panacea for all evil—but certainly it is the only road towards placing this country upon a sound financial basis, and reviving the languid prosperity of the Republic. And, what is more, New York—the metropolis—is the first in the field to set the example. Its well-to-do merchants, its bankers, its brokers, are all practicing economy, and have practiced it during the entire year. Any one who has visited our leading watering-places during the past Summer must have noticed it, and we are noticing it now that the gay city season has once more set in. Ask the leading hotel-keepers at Saratoga, Long Branch, Newport and Cape May, and they will tell you that their incomes during the past season were mostly from the many, not from the few. The few, who used to empty their half a dozen bottles of champagne in a day, in years gone by, could not be found. Neither were the matrons bedecked with so many diamonds, nor the marriageable daughters dressed in a change of satins every evening. The hops were well attended, but there was an absence of gaudy toilets; nor were there many hundred-dollar suppers between the termination of the hops and the hour of retirement. With the return to town and the reopening of the theatres and the introduction of the Fall styles, there is noticeable a remarkable quieting-down of tone, color and extravagance. A promenade along Broadway and the avenues any Saturday afternoon soon reveals the fact that bonnets do not contain the many laces prescribed by the milliners a month ago, that dark colors have an immense number of wearers, and that instead of silks and satins, alpaca is in the majority. Take the recent races at Jerome Park, for instance. The sport was excellent, the attendance equally numerous with that of preceding meetings, but the manner in which the classes frequenting Fordham on such occasions amused themselves is just now a subject of considerable importance. At the Grand Stand ladies were all modestly, neatly attired, mostly in black; diamonds and gay colors were the exception, not the rule. At the Club House but little champagne was consumed, and only frugal luncheons were enjoyed. Everywhere the spendthrift was absent; ay, even near the pool-stands where those "blooms" accustomed to buy nothing less than \$25 tickets contented themselves with a chance of \$5 on each horse. There was no mistaking the fact that the people at last, as represented there, at least, feel the necessity of turning over a new leaf in their mode and manner of living, and when classes like these show an example of stern economy by reducing unnecessary expenditure, it will not be long before the entire people will be imbued with the same spirit, and each one in his sphere will abandon that habit of waste and extravagance which has been the bane of our people since the beginning of the war, and which has been fostered, not checked, by an Administration born in recklessness and reared in profligacy.

Far-sighted caterers of public amusements have rightly interpreted the public feeling of New York on this subject by declining to enter into grand managerial arrangements for the entertainment of our people during the coming season. Those managers who mistake the spirit of the times on this score will ascertain to their cost that the people of New York, though not Spartan-like in all their habits, nevertheless have as much resolution to retain intact, financially as well as politically, the institutions inherited from their fathers, as the Greeks of old, and that they can deny themselves all the pleasures, all the unnecessary trappings of gayety, until the country and the Ship of State are righted once more. In this respect, it should be borne in mind Americans are not Frenchmen. They are not led by the nose into the vortex of things by their government. If anything goes wrong, they are willing to suffer and abide their time; but the present tendency on the part of New Yorkers to economize is only the beginning of a new era, when all the people, and their government, too, will return to the paths of strict accountability and rigid economy; once more entering upon a century of prosperity, founded this time upon such experience as falls to the lot of every self-made man, and also of every self-reliant nation.

A GOOD HIT.—The *Troy Whig* says of Wendell Phillips's statement that the Venetians used paper money: "Doubtless Othello had just received his pay in that currency when he exclaimed, 'He who steals my purse steals trash!'"

## GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING OCTOBER 16, 1875.

Monday.....116½ @ 117½	Thursday...116½ @ 116½
Tuesday.....116½ @ 117½	Friday.....116½ @ 117
Wednesday...116½ @ 117½	Saturday...116½ @ 117

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mrs. H. B. STANTON has taken the Rag-Baby to her heart, and offers to be its nurse. She believes that it is not dead, but that it will grow to be a man and be clothed with purple and fine linen. Thus, we see, even strong-minded women do not all lose in mature age the maternal instinct which in their girlhood led them to play with dolls.

IMPORTANT TO CIGAR-MAKERS.—The question whether the law requiring cigar-boxes to be branded with hot iron applied to boxes made of paper and metal, having been submitted to the Attorney-General, he decides that as there is paper which will admit of being thus branded, and metal that will display marks made by it, the requirement of the law is not to be dispensed with.

THE OVERWORKED BAKERS.—At a meeting of journeymen bakers held on Saturday evening, the 16th inst., some astounding statements were made as to the condition of the bakers generally. At wages which range from \$5 to \$25 per week, they work from 100 to 130 hours per week, or as near as possible eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Here is a field for philanthropic labor. These men, notwithstanding the toil of the week, never enjoy a Sunday's rest.

THE RAG-BABY, the *Tribune* thinks, should have a public funeral. Its coffin is prepared in Cincinnati, and common decency demands a respectable burial for the poor thing. Governor Allen, Judge Kelley, Governor Hendricks, General Cary, ex-Governor Curtin, General Butler, Wendell Phillips, General Brindle and General Ewing would make an imposing array of pall-bearers, and the Cincinnati *Enquirer* would make a most fitting pall. The services should be held soon, or there will not be enough persons left in the party to make a respectable funeral.

THE HUNTINGDON MYSTERY.—The Kelsey case is at last ended. The trial of G. B. Banks and Royal Sammis, for participation in the outrage perpetrated on the person of Charles G. Kelsey, was brought to a close on Friday, the 15th inst., the jury bringing in a verdict of acquittal. Such a verdict is an offense against common sense and common decency. Nothing can be more clear to the dispassionate mind than that these men were present at, and took part in, the outrage; and no intelligent man but believes that they were privy to his mysterious disappearance. To allow such men to go unpunished is to put a premium on the worst kind of crime.

ANOTHER GRATIFYING PROOF of the widely-extending circulation and influence of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is furnished by the following letter:

AMERICAN METALINE CO.,  
61 WATER ST., NEW YORK, OCT. 14, 1875.  
FRANK LESLIE, Esq., 537 PEARL STREET, DEAR SIR: We have received an application for metaline from Calcutta, India, the letter of the applicant stating that he first heard of it through an article in your ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, published February 6th, 1875. We have now heard of this article from many parties in the Eastern and Middle States, and also from New Orleans, Montana, Colorado, California, Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, and, last, from India. We presume you will be pleased to hear the fact, as giving some idea of the circulation of your paper.

Yours, respectfully,

AMERICAN METALINE CO.

MORE FOOD FOR THE GALLOW.—The tragedy which took place in Brooklyn, at the Schutzen Park early on the morning of Friday, the 15th inst., was one of the most horrible which it has been our duty to record in many years. An inoffensive party of colored people were innocently enjoying themselves when they were set upon by a company of rowdies. One negro by the name of Jackson was brutally murdered for seeking to protect his sister. Another negro, seriously wounded on the occasion, has since died. The ringleaders of the rowdy gang are well known; and their reputation is the worst possible. If these men escape the gallows, there will certainly be some truth in the statement that hanging is played out.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD is moving quite as actively as any other representative element in preparation for the Centennial Exposition. Mr. Scott takes pride, purely from local and national reasons, in the mammoth undertaking, and intends to put in harmonious motion all the vast railroad machinery under his control. Plans are already being perfected for running Centennial Excursion Trains between this city and Philadelphia. New York will naturally attract a vast number of the visitors, offering better hotel facilities than our sister city, and if the railroad arrangements are all that can be desired, we shall retain many of them as residents during the period of the exposition. It is intended, we understand, to run a train every hour, the distance from Jersey City to the Fair Grounds to be accomplished in two hours.

THE "PANDORA" has returned from her trip to the Arctic regions. The *Pandora*, it will be remembered, commanded by Captain Young, and fitted out in part, at least, at the expense of the New York *Herald*, started from England towards the end of July, having the twofold end in view of discovering the North Pole and finding the papers and other relics of Sir John Franklin. The *Pandora* has not been successful in accomplishing either the one thing or the other. Captain Young reached Roquette Island, but he was deterred by the ice from penetrating Bellot's Straits. The question was raised whether the vessel should be laid up, the company going into winter quarters. Common sense prevailed; and the *Pandora* steamed southwards, reaching Portsmouth on the afternoon of the 16th inst. In the *Herald* of Sunday morning there is the usual loud crowing about journalistic enterprise. The *Herald*, in spite of its bounce, is evidently disappointed that the

expedition has not had better success. After all, it is perhaps well that the *Herald* should occasionally find that there are forces in the world stronger than itself. The discovery of the North Pole is not a bad exercise for *Herald* ambition.

SOUTHERN VIEWS OF THE CURRENCY QUESTION have been misrepresented by some Northern journals. It is beginning to be discovered that all are not soft-money advocates in the South. The *Baltimore Gazette* is the only one prominent paper there which really and heartily advocates hard money, was altogether too sweeping. If taken literally it would do injustice to here and there a plucky little journal like that in Norfolk, edited by Captain Hampton Chamberlayne, which has persistently, consistently and ably fought for honest money, and opposed the Ohio lunny. Captain Chamberlayne has argued through the Norfolk *Daily Virginian* that the personal, political, pecuniary, and moral interests of Virginians were all endangered by the Western craze, and he has a right to be remembered in the triumph. Moreover, the sentiment of the Mobile *Register* cannot be mistaken when it says: "Our Confederate graybacks were taken off our shoulders. The Federals did that. But who is to relieve us of the greenbacks when they get so low that it shall take \$500 of them to buy a barrel of flour?" Even the erratic General Robert Toombs clings to his conviction that gold is the only basis good for anything, and he denounces paper money as a delusion.

MUSIC IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The proposed reform in the system of teaching music in our Public Schools seemed for a while to meet with opposition in the Board of Education. We do not believe that this opposition sprang from any personal or political movement, but simply from a misapprehension of the value of music as a branch of education. It is difficult to make business men see the actual use of music as a study, especially in relation to the children of poor parents—for the destiny of the poor is to work, and the workingman needs no relaxation. Yet these gentlemen cannot but admit that, since the introduction of music in the Public Schools, the labors of study have been lightened in a remarkable degree. The children are more cheerful, and from the primary department up to the grammar schools, the delighted interest evidenced by the pupils in their musical studies, crude and brief as they are, is patent to every one. All the teachers bear testimony to the value of music as an adjunct to other studies; it keeps the children bright and wakeful, and better prepared to receive and retain instruction. It is admitted as a necessity; it is grafted on the school system, and it is only just that it should be taught as thoroughly as every other branch of education. Hitherto the children have been chiefly taught to sing by ear; they pass from grade to grade and know nothing of the principles of music at the end. In a few schools a better system has been pursued, notably in Mr. Bristow's and Mr. Rexford's departments; but as a rule, rote teaching has prevailed. It is now proposed to establish a system of musical instruction, which shall be general throughout the city, and to have the mass of teachers taught the art of teaching music as intelligently as they teach other branches of education. To achieve this end, a General Musical Director is to be appointed, together with eight assistants. The city will be divided into eight districts, each district being supervised by an assistant, whose duty it will be to instruct the teachers and inspect their work from time to time. The General Director will supervise the whole, and will select a uniform system or method of instruction, to be adopted in all the schools. By this division of work, intrusted to competent musicians, a thorough and practical musical education will be obtained, the weak spot in our Public School education will be wiped away, and we shall be on a level in that department with the public schools of other cities. This important reform is cordially approved of by Mr. Henry Kiddle, the School Superintendent, who has urged the necessity of reform earnestly and persistently for several years, as the reports of the Board of Education will show, and it is warmly and strongly advocated by Mr. Herring, the Chairman of the Music Committee, who has studied and thoroughly mastered the subject. To achieve this important and beneficial reform will add but a small sum to the amount annually appropriated for music, so that the plea of economy cannot be urged against the movement.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER ON FINANCE.—On Thursday evening, the 14th inst., the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, under the auspices of the Board of Trade, delivered his views on finance before an audience of some two thousand people. The honorable gentleman is nothing if not forceful; and spite of his faults, there are few of our public men who are more certain, when they take the rostrum, to command a large audience. Butler is not a man of deep or strong convictions; his principles hang loosely upon him, and consequently his following, whatever it may be, is more extensive than enthusiastic. He was not born to formulate a creed, or build up a religion. But he has always something to say, and whether that something is truth or falsehood, sound gospel or rank heresy, he always says it well. If he is not instructive, he is at least interesting and amusing. Butler's speech on Thursday was characterized by all his excellencies, and it was not free from any of his faults. He interested the audience; he was eloquent—powerfully eloquent; but he talked utter nonsense, and, wittingly or unwittingly—the latter we think—propounded as sound doctrines the most unblushing falsehoods. According to General Butler, an incontrovertible paper currency is the only currency worthy of a free people. It has been a blessing to every people who have used it; and it "fought our battles and saved our country." Nothing like incontrovertible currency for war purposes. It carried the armies of France victoriously over the continent of Europe. It enabled England to crush Napoleon. It sustained France in her late war with Germany. Such was the stuff with which General Butler delighted his audience in the Cooper Institute. If

incontrovertible paper money is so mighty an engine of war, why did Germany succeed in her late struggle with France? Germany paid in coin; France paid in currency. The whole affair, however, is too trivial to be treated seriously. Butler's own language is his best refutation. He wants the national dollar "stamped upon some convenient and cheap material of the least possible intrinsic value," and never to be redeemed. Yet it is to be "quite equal to, or a little better than, the present average value of the gold dollar of the world." How can a dollar intrinsically worthless and irredeemable have any value? His address was brimful of the wildest misstatements of facts—facts familiar to the mere-t tyro in modern history. He tells us that the Bank of England suspended specie payment in 1847, 1857, 1866, the facts being entirely the other way. The Bank of England has not done that since 1844, the date of the Bank Act which forbids the issue of notes except on the security of an equal amount of gold. This Act has been suspended three times since 1844 for the purpose of giving relief to the community, but the bank has not in any instance since that date suspended specie payment. General Butler confounds two things that differ. Such ignorance might have been pardonable if it had not been so ostentatiously proclaimed to the world. From his ignorance in this matter, learn his fitness for the task which he undertook. *Ex hoc disce omnes.* The General has done good service to the country by damaging the cause which he attempted to support. No, General, this kind of thing will not do.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

The North Carolina Constitutional Convention adjourned... Mayor Wickham's charges against the New York Police Commissioners were made public... Tammany's Judiciary Convention made nominations... Mr. Moody decided to begin his revival work at Philadelphia, October 31st... The Republicans carried Ohio, defeating the Inflationists... Wendell Phillips made another reply to Carl Schurz... Alexander H. Stephens, who had been very ill, was reported out of danger... A portion of Agricultural Hall, on the Centennial grounds, was blown down... The State of Nebraska went Republican by a majority of from 9,000 to 10,000... Decided Republican gains were reported throughout Iowa... A grand soldiers' reunion was held at Indianapolis, Ind... The jury in the case of Charles McIlraith, late State Auditor of Minnesota, returned a verdict of not guilty, in the trial of one of the indictments for malfeasance in office... The investigation into the official conduct of Engineers Yates and Babcock was opened at Albany by the Canal Board... It was discovered that only one-half the income expected by the increased tax on whisky, cigars and tobacco was realized by the Government... The city of Newark, N. J., went Republican by a large majority—thirteen out of fifteen candidates for the Common Council being elected... The veterans of New Hampshire held their first reunion at Manchester... A grand parade and prize drill of Knights Templar took place at Rochester, N. Y... A statement of frauds in the building of the new Boston Post-Office was published... Judge Lawrence denied a motion for a stay of proceedings in the Tweed case... A General Conference of the Evangelical Methodist Association was held at Philadelphia... Professor Comstock, of Cornell University, exhorted the skeleton of a mastodon near Binghamton, N. Y... Postmaster Dunham, of Bridgeport, Conn., was dismissed for selling appointments... Seventeen dioceses have approved of the election of Dr. Eccleston as Episcopal Bishop of Iowa... The monument to the memory of Edgar A. Poe will be dedicated at Baltimore on the 28th... The Georgia State Fair opened at Macon on the 18th... There was a large gathering of politicians and prominent public men... James S. Hittings, of Michigan, was appointed Indian agent at the Red Cloud Station, vice John J. Saville resigned... Major Edwards, of St. Louis, one of the principals in the recent duel, was arrested under a Missouri State law for having sent a challenge... Dr. Banks and Royal Sammis were acquitted upon the charge of assault and battery upon Charles Kelsey at Huntingdon, L. I.

## FOREIGN.

An agreement was effected between Turkey and Serbia by which their troops are to be withdrawn from the frontier... The Chinese Government issued a decree enjoining that foreigners should be treated with greater respect... Italy will appoint a Centennial Committee, and the Pope will send hither two elaborate mosaics... Spain will demand of Switzerland the surrender of the Carlist General Saballs... A report was circulated in London that Holland had sent war-vessels to Venezuela... A union of the States of Nicaragua, Guatemala and Salvador in one national government was proposed... The Cuban steamer *Uruguay* with her cargo was seized by the Jamaican authorities... Vice-Admiral Tarleton and Captain Hinkley, of the British Navy, were exonerated from all blame in the recent iron-clad disaster... A duel with swords was fought in Paris between two American youth... There is a prospect of a war between Chili and the Argentine Republic about the Straits of Magellan... Serious disagreements occurred between the Commissioners of Bolivia and Brazil concerning the boundary line... The revolution in Magdalena, Republic of Colombia, has ended, and the river of that name is now open to general traffic... Brazil has been warned by the Argentine Government against sending war-vessels to any of the affluents of the River Plate... Mr. Gladstone announced that he would not resume the leadership of the Liberal Party in Great Britain... The British negotiations with China were reported as making favorable progress... London newspapers expressed unanimous satisfaction over the hard-money victory in Ohio... Religious liberty will be maintained in Spain, and the differences with the Vatican referred to the Cortes... The Bishop of Breslau disconnected himself with the Prussian reaction of his diocese... Ample guarantees were given British Minister Wade by the Chinese authorities... Under the pressure of the Great Powers, Turkey began diminishing her concentration of troops on the Serbian frontier, and Serbia the demobilizing of her forces... An insurgent force was defeated by the Turks, and seventeen disaffected villages submitted to the Sultan's authority... Russia at length has decided to participate in the Centennial... It was reported that by the floods in the province of Guzerat, India, at least 20,000 people were rendered homeless... The Bavarian Ministry resigned... Turkish troops gained possession of the District of Zrebel, the last one held by the insurgents... Don Carlos dismissed four of his generals, including Dorregaray, and is supposed to have imprisoned them... Another battalion of Spanish troops embarked for Cuba... Through the intercession of the Pope, the Emperor William remitted one year of Cardinal Ledochowski's imprisonment for resisting the German ecclesiastical laws... Financial matters in Peru have greatly improved, and it is thought a general panic has been averted... Lady Franklin's Arctic steamer *Pandora* returned to Spithead with favorable tidings of the *Aleri* and *Discovery*.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 119.



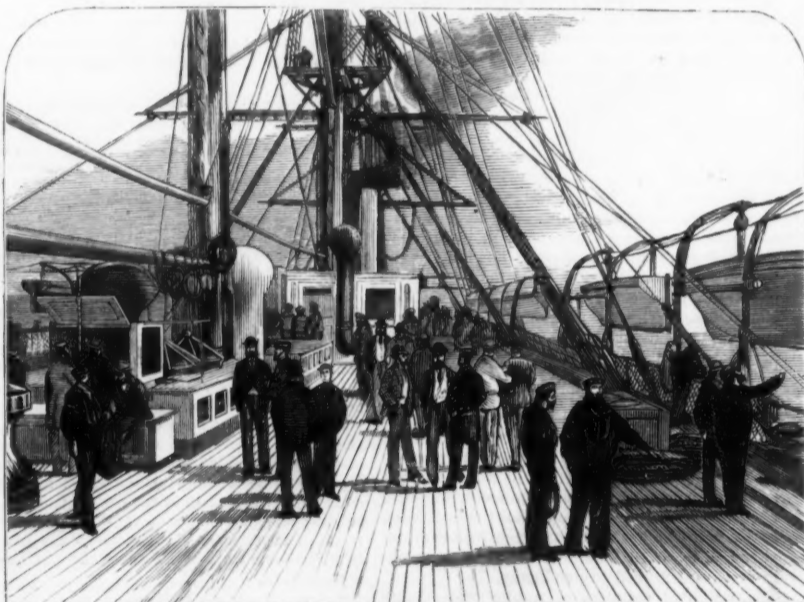
ENGLAND.—THE RAILWAY JUBILEE AT DARLINGTON.—UNVAILING THE STATUE OF JOSEPH PEASE, THE FIRST QUAKER M. P.



ITALY.—THE QUATERCENTENARY OF MICHEL ANGELO AT FLORENCE.—INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE COPY OF THE "DAVID" AT SAN MINIATO.



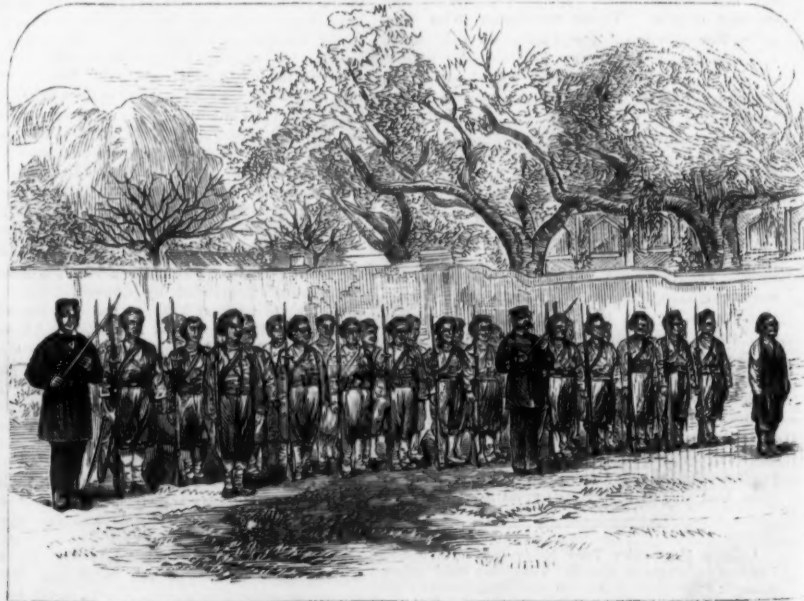
IN THE IRISH CHANNEL.—DIVING OPERATIONS AT THE WRECK OF THE "VANGUARD."



ENGLAND.—VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO INDIA.—STARBOARD QUARTERDECK OF THE "SERAPIS."



HERZEGOVINA.—STORMING OF THE TURKISH BLOCKHOUSE IN THE SUTORINA.



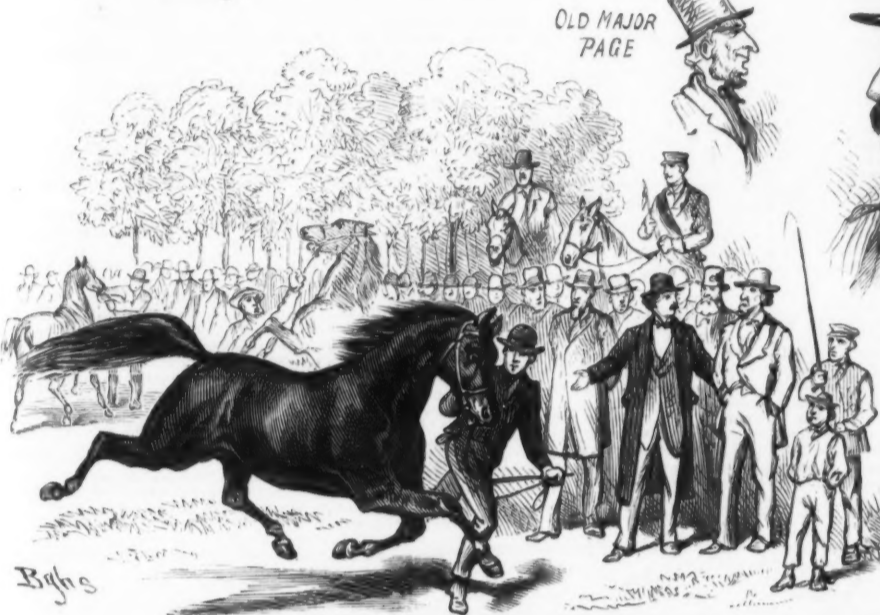
CHINA.—ENGLISH OFFICERS DRILLING CHINESE SOLDIERS AT AMOY,



A TEAM FROM BIRCHEN.



OLD MAJOR PAGE



REV. M. MURRAY, EXHIBITING HIS HORSES.



REV. W.H.H. MURRAY.

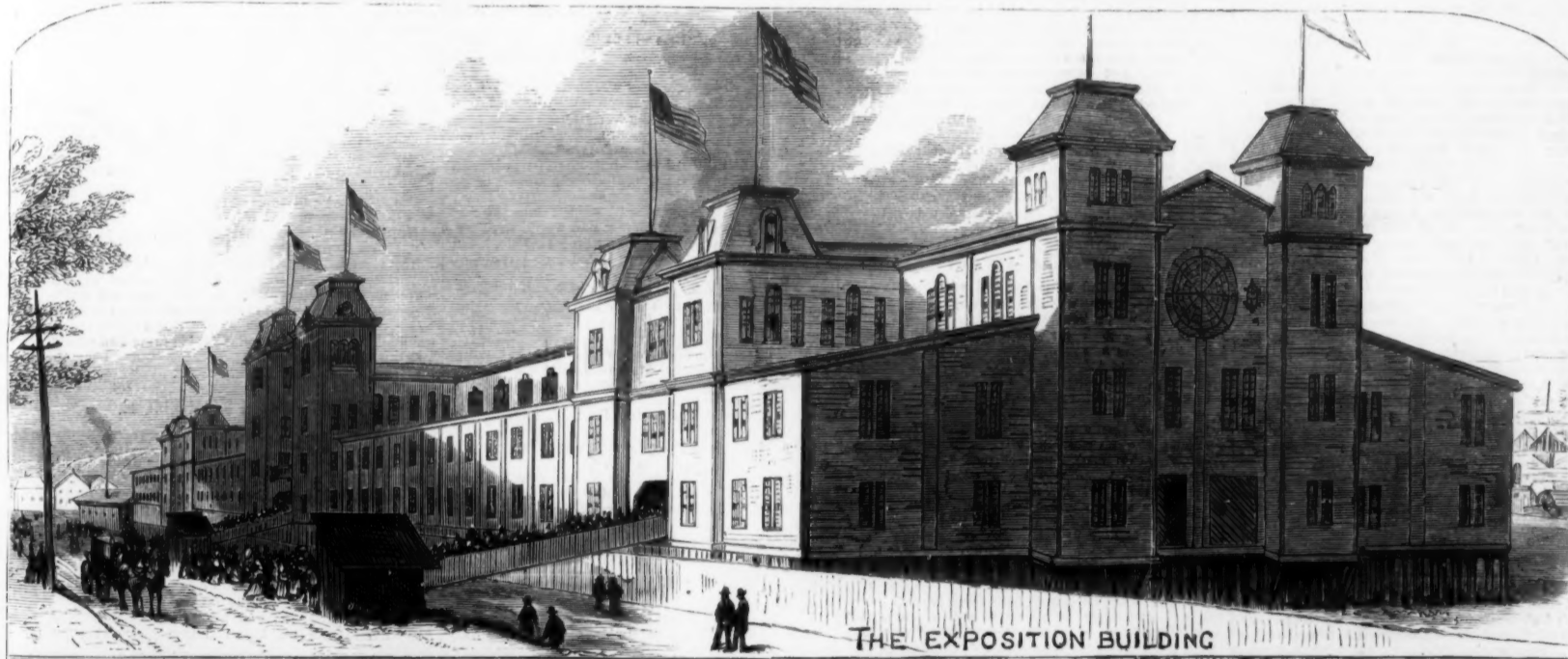


YOUNG ABORIGINES ON EXHIBITION

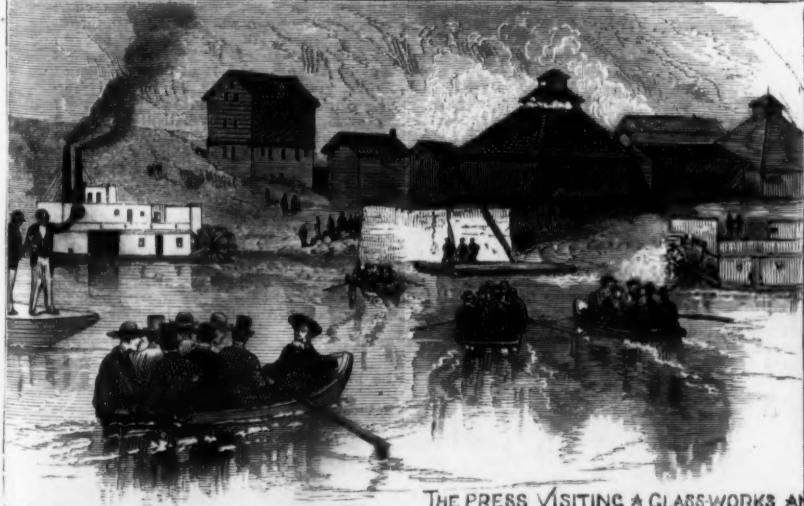


NORTH GUILFORD MARTIAL BAND

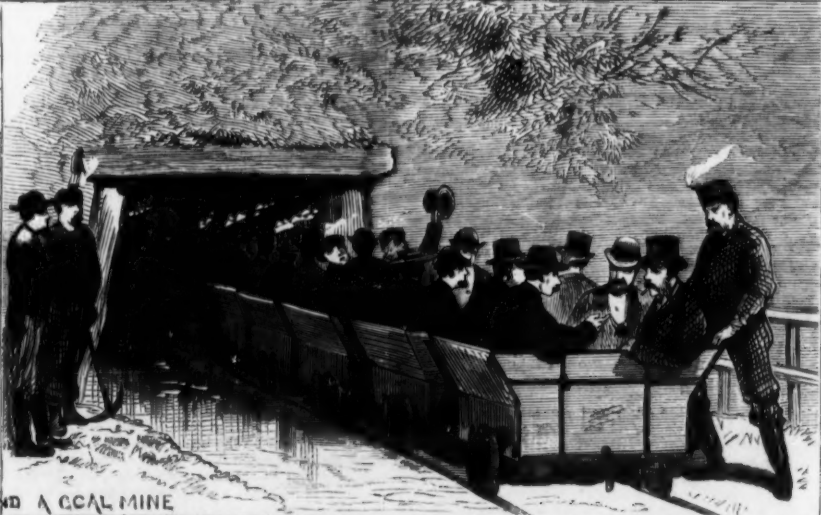
CONNECTICUT.—TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE GUILFORD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT GUILFORD.—FROM SKETCHES BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 123.



THE EXPOSITION BUILDING



THE PRESS VISITING A GLASSWORKS AND A COAL MINE



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS OF PITTSBURGH.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 123.

## MY FAITH.

BY  
JOAQUIN MILLER.

AND as to that, I reckon it  
But right, but Christian-like and just,  
And closer, after God's own plan,  
To take men as you find your man,  
To take a soul from God on trust,  
A fit man, or yourself unit:

To take man free from the control  
Of man's opinion; take a soul  
In its own troubled world, all fair  
As you behold it then and there,  
Set naked in your sight, alone,  
Unnamed, unheralded, unknown.

Yes, take him bravely from the hand  
That reached him forth from nothingness,  
That took his tired soul to keep  
All night, then reached him out from sleep  
And sat him equal in the land,  
Sent out from where the angels are,  
A soul new-born without one whit  
Of bough or borrowed character.

Ah! bless us! if we only could  
As ready spin and willing weave  
Sweet tales of clarity and good;  
Could we as willing clip the wings  
Of evil tales as pleasant truths,  
How sweet 'twould then be to believe,  
How good to then do as we should,  
How good 'twould then be to be good.

## A BUNCH OF KEYS.

CHAPTER I.—BEATRIX.

IN a charming villa on the Hudson lived Mr. Harold Kenward—a gentleman some forty years of age, about whom there hovered a certain atmosphere of mystery. Occasionally he received visitors from a distance; but with the people of the neighborhood he had no association whatever, and hardly any acquaintance. He had three servants, and his housekeeper was a curious old woman, named Winnie Ash.

It was noticed that Mr. Kenward seldom went out, and when he did so, it was to take long, solitary walks. Now and then he was called away to New York. The greater part of his time he was presumed to pass in reading; but as the most inveterate bookworm cannot be incessantly occupied at his favorite occupation, it was surmised that Mr. Kenward had many hours of *ennui*.

One morning a young lady arrived. She was a tall, slight, beautiful girl, full of nervous gaiety and animation—evidently Mr. Kenward's daughter. She had come directly from a convent, and had never in her life before known anything of the world outside its walls. The Hudson villa was a revelation to her. All day she flitted hither and thither, charmed with everything, never still an instant. Some new music, the birds and the dogs comprised the catalogue of her resources; but the pleasure she extracted from these appeared inexhaustible.

At length one morning in the study papa said: "You can amuse yourself reading, Trixie, when you are tired of everything else. There is the bookcase, you see, full of all sorts. What kind of books do you like best, child?"

"Oh, poetry, papa, by all means," she said, running to the shelves. "Yes, here is Tennyson—and who is this? Pope—and Addison! How old-fashioned!"

"Then you don't like the old-fashioned poetry? What kind did you read at school?"

"Nothing very modern there, papa, and I am so anxious to become acquainted with the new poets. Did you ever read the works of Alfred Delorme?"

"Alfred Delorme!" exclaimed Mr. Kenward, glancing at her in real astonishment. "Yes; I am somewhat acquainted with his writings. But, my dear Trixie, surely, the good Sisters—"

"Oh, no, papa!" she said, quickly divining his thought. "That is what I was about to complain of. One of my classmates, Bessie Soulgate, had 'Love's Praise,' by Alfred Delorme, and she was found out, and you can't fancy what a dreadful disturbance followed."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Kenward, laughing heartily. "The book was taken from her?"

"Yes; and we were all brought together in the Refectory and lectured. The Mother Superior said Alfred Delorme was an incarnate fiend, and his books poison. She said they were full of blasphemies, and tended to destroy the fundamental principles of human society."

"She was severe, truly. Anything else?"

"Yes, papa; she also said no woman could open this author's books without injury, and that he who composed them never had a daughter of his own, or he would not have written those infamous pages that her eyes might one day read."

Mr. Kenward turned away his head. Was he not a little agitated? Beatrix observed him with some curiosity.

"You are, perhaps, acquainted with this Alfred Delorme, papa?"

"I—I know something of him, child. That is not his real name, I believe; but a *nom de plume*. You did not read his book that your friend had?"

"No; but Bessie told me that it was a very strange work, and she felt deeply interested in the author. She fancied him a young man, and prematurely blighted—and I am afraid, papa, she admired his wickedness particularly. She was never the same girl after reading the book, and, at length, the Sisters sent her away. They said we might yet see what harm could follow the teachings of a depraved writer, and truly enough, papa (Trixie lowered her voice and looked down with a perceptible blush), 'poor Bessie, we afterwards learned, turned out unfortunately—and drowned herself!'"

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Kenward, rising, very pale, and beginning to pace the room with hurried steps. "Are you sure you did not read any portion of that book, Trixie? Tell me the truth. I shall not be angry."

"Not one word, papa; but I acknowledge I felt desirous of doing so."

"The Sisters were quite right," he said, after a little reflection; and just then old Winnie entered. "If you be wantin' to feed your birds, Miss Trixie, I've boiled the egg for ye."

Away went Beatrix. Half an hour later she encountered her father in the hall, with his hat on, lighting a cigar and ready for a journey. His buggy stood at the door.

"Going away, papa?"

"For a day or two to the city; and you must be a good girl while I am gone. And see, Trixie, here are the keys of the bookcase. Range at will; but don't meddle with those drawers near the floor. I have some papers and—things there, and should not like them disturbed; and you must promise me that you will not unlock that part of the bookcase under any circumstances." He bent a stern and rather dark gaze upon her wondering face.

"I shall not touch it, papa."

"I may rely upon that?"

"Why, certainly," she laughed. "So you are playing Bluebeard! But you may trust your Fatima."

He gave her the bunch of keys, kissed her, and marched away rather thoughtfully, Trixie looking after him.

## CHAPTER II.—PEEP—OH!

BEATRIX for a while had so many other things to amuse her that she did not once think of the bookcase. At length, however, she grew tired of those, and on the morning after her father's departure, breakfast over, went directly to the study. Upon investigation she found the books there not very inviting. Too many of them were in foreign languages; those in her own vernacular were on abstruse subjects, or too old-fashioned and dry to be endurable. The voluminous Richardson filled a whole row to himself, and had for a neighbor that mysterious and extremely tiresome lady, Mrs. Radcliffe.

"What a funny collection!" laughed the young lady.

She read the names on the backs of other dingy volumes—"Dorwell's Life of Johnson," the profoundly fatiguing "Adventures of Rasselas"; "Citizen of the World"; "Mrs. Cowley's Dramatic Works."

"There is not a readable book in the case," sighed Beatrix, with a sense of injury. She tumbled over a phalanx of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and next Mr. Partridge's "Opus Reformatum," and "Delectio Geniurum"—tomes full of astrological lore, by which she might have learned to analyze the aspects of the planets, and cast nativities, had she felt curious about the future. But the very sight of these volumes was depressing, and she threw them down, pouting.

Much piqued, she leaned back in the red Pompadour chair, and stared listlessly at the shining surface of the bookcase, the bunch of keys to its mysteries in her hand. The bunch of keys—and really how very odd about papa's prohibition! Some little artifice to try her. What was that story she used to thumb out of the French about the king who hid a mouse in a soup-tureen, and gave a dinner to a lady (who had no curiosity), with the injunction that she might taste and eat of everything on the table, except that which was concealed within the tureen? Papa would not be so ridiculous as to hide a mouse in his bookcase.

But it really was very strange that he should make such a condition. He must certainly have been joking—she could hardly suppose otherwise. And as for what was concealed in that lower drawer—old papers, no doubt, or more old books! But she would not disregard his wishes—that was certain. She had given him her promise, and she would not dishonorably break it; and was it not also possible that her disobedience might be discovered? Yet how singular a request—what could he hidden there! She thought with a blush that she would almost part with one of her fingers to know.

She got up, trembling a little, and examined the lock. The aperture was very small—"and I wonder," she whispered, "which key of the bunch fits it?" There could be no harm in finding that little out, at all events. She tried all the keys, and found out: it was the tiny brass key. Evidently the lock acted with a spring, and although you must open it with the key, by a push it would close of itself.

Beatrix in this way opened the drawer the impenetrable fraction of an inch several times, and always religiously closed it again, without peeping. And then, all of a sudden, and in a kind of dream, she opened it once more—and peeped! Her heart beat like a clock. Her cheeks burned. She shut the drawer with a crash and came away.

She had not seen much, after all—merely a prettily bound book lying there, and something that looked like a roll of money. But if she had glanced into the bottomless pit she could hardly have been more white and scared.

She heard a noise near her, and through a mist which had strangely grown up all round her, she saw old Winnie and a gentleman.

Old Winnie's voice croaked out a name something like Mr. Lennox. Mr. Lennox was making his bow.

## CHAPTER III.—THE BAIT.

ONLY a day had gone by, and yet Beatrix and this Mr. Lennox were already the best of friends. He was a handsome gentleman and young, at least not old. The slight baldness over his forehead gave him a look of intellect, and he had such white hands and small feet, and such splendid unassuming manners. He was likewise so accomplished. In a careless, off-hand way, he had done two or three tiny water-color sketches of the scenery about the cottage almost in a minute it seemed; in each case an outline, a touch here and there, and the result a perfect gem. He played and sang, and his voice was the sweetest Trixie had ever listened to.

He was peculiar and original, and gradually developed himself—so much so, that Beatrix began to be a little afraid of him. His conversation was amusing, but in a vein of cynicism with which he was not familiar, and which she could not easily understand. Many of his ideas seemed to her such paradoxes as could never have been held in earnest, and yet when he observed with a smile her wondering face, he declared most positively that those were his true convictions. By degrees he became bolder, and began to utter theories that shocked her simple reverence beyond expression.

In her inward distrust she grew somewhat distant with him; but to pursue this course long was impossible. She saw that such conduct gave him intense pain, and she was too compassionate to wound him further. But all the while she was secretly and unconsciously pondering those sinister axioms he so eloquently declaimed, and insensibly becoming more reconciled to them.

At this young girl's age, character is, also, easily manipulated. "Dogmatic faith," says a philosopher, "is the effect of education," and we know how strong; but it is none the less true that the apothegm of a moment, displaying a novel and dazzling philosophy, may uproot the other fabric at a breath.

So matters for a while proceeded. One day Mr. Lennox quoted some poetry, and then suddenly stopped short in his extract and smiled at Beatrix rather oddly. She asked who was the author of the lines.

"Alfred Delorme," he said, with the same curious expression of amusement.

"Papa has forbidden me to read his works," said Trixie. "They are not fit for me to read."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lennox, raising his eyebrows. "Papa ought to be the best judge; but it is rather hard on Delorme." He seemed scarcely able to control a burst of satirical merriment, and in the trial Beatrix thought she perceived something so mocking, sinister, and even false, in his countenance, that her feeling towards him underwent a marked change.

They presently separated. Going towards the study, a thought suddenly occurred to her.

"Perhaps this Mr. Lennox is none other than that self-same Alfred Delorme."

On the impulse of this suggestion she stepped to the bookcase and unlocked the lower drawer. The volume lying there was entitled: "Complete Works of Alfred Delorme."

She withdrew the book, leaving the drawer open, the bunch of keys in the lock, and ran quickly to her own chamber and locked herself in.

## CHAPTER IV.—CAUGHT.

TREMBLING and pale, she opened the book. The title of the first poem was "Love's Praise." There was a footnote in pencil—her father's handwriting, to the following effect:

"This poem I wrote at a sitting; but every line came from my heart. It gave me the fame of which I had dreamed. The world was shocked and outraged; but that was the very sensation I had planned to create. For a long time the identity of the author was unsuspected; but there was still more amazement when it came out that 'Alfred Delorme' was none other than HAROLD KENWARD."

Her father!

Beatrix let fall the book, and at the same instant a familiar footstep sounded in the hall below.

"Trixie!" called Mr. Kenward's deep voice.

Hastily she caught up the volume and thrust it into her pocket, and tripped down the stairs.

He stooped to kiss her, but drew back.

"Good heavens! how pale you are, child! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, papa," she gasped, nearly fainting.

"Something has frightened you, that is plain. You are white as a ghost, and your hands ice itself."

"You have come back so suddenly, papa, and when I heard your voice it startled me. I am so nervous and foolish. Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, dear," he replied, placing his finger under her chin and looking down earnestly at her face; "but these tremors are a sign of ill-health. Aren't you better? Come now, and call old Winnie, and give me something to eat."

"Then go into the dining-room, papa, while I find her."

Trixie ran hastily to the study to replace the book. The lower drawer of the bookcase was closed—the keys gone!

## CHAPTER V.—IN THE TRAP.

SHE felt a touch on her arm, and old Winnie stood by her.

"Yer father's calling ye, Miss Trixie, and bless the child! cried the witch, with a stare; 'she's as scared as if it wear a ghost!'"

"Oh, Winnie, Winnie!" cried the poor girl, bursting into tears; "where are the keys of the bookcase? I left them here and they are gone. Papa told me not to touch the lower drawer, and I have disobeyed him, and see the result. Oh, Winnie, you have the keys—I know you have!"

"Keys, miss! Indeed, I have no keys. So much for meddlin' w' what don't consarn ye. Yer father 'll be out o' himself, I'm thinkin', to find you've disobeyed him."

"I know he will, Winnie, dear, and I am so frightened. He gave me such strict orders, and I have broken them. I took this book out of this drawer, and it must go back before he discovers its loss. Think, Winnie—you are so shrewd and clever—think of something. You have a bunch of keys somewhere, and we can find one that will fit."

Old Winnie shook her gray head, and stood with drawn lips and folded arms.

"I have no keys that will fit that drawer, miss?"

"Then I am ruined—ruined!" sobbed Beatrix, wildly.

The ancient housekeeper was moved. "Where the keys have gone to I canna tell," she said, trying the lock, and assuring herself that it was fast. "It's very strange, to say no more. But gimme the book, and mebbe I can get the drawer open w' a fork, and put it back—but, miss, I won't lift a finger to try unless yer promise me never to go meddlin' again."

"Oh, Winnie, I promise!" said Trixie, kissing her withered cheek. "I knew you would save me. Indeed, I will never touch anything that does not concern me again. Hurry, Winnie, or papa may come."

"Well, now, you go to him in the dinin'-room and talk w' him, and keep him there for a full quarter of an hour; for it'll be a job that long, I'm a-thinkin', if it can be done at all."

And so, with another kiss, and drying her tears, away ran Trixie, in better spirits. Papa was at his refection, and upon her appearance looked up. His glance was ominous.

"You have had a visitor, Beatrix, I learn," he said, rather sternly.

"Oh, yes, papa! Mr. Lennox—such an elegant gentleman!"

"Humph! Did he mention his business? Never mind—I guess what it is, and I know he did not mention it. I suppose he made himself quite at home?"

"He seemed entirely at his ease."

Mr. Kenward was silent, drumming thoughtfully on the tablecloth. "I hope you were not free with him, Beatrix," he said, presently. "He is not the sort of society I should choose for you, child. What did he talk about mostly?"

She told him in a measure—prolonging the narrative to its utmost limit. Over the mantelpiece a clock was ticking, and while she spoke her eyes watched the dragging hands. She rattled off her words with feverish anxiety, and so breathlessly, that her father ceased his luncheon, and stared at her.

"What is the matter, Beatrix? Surely you are not yourself?"

"Indeed, I am quite well, papa."

"Let us go into the study," he said, rising.

"When will Mr. Lennox return?"

"Into the study! and only seven minutes had gone! It was useless to attempt to detain him, and, with a beating heart, she followed him to the hall.

They entered the study together. Old Winnie at the same instant closed the lower drawer of the bookcase with a snap, and stood up, looking askant over her shoulder, a little pallid and nonplussed. In her hand was the missing bunch of keys.

"What are you doing there, Winnie?" asked Mr. Kenward, stopping short.

"I found the keys on the floor, sir, and the drawer open, so I closed it."

Mr. Kenward turned, smiling, to Trixie.

"So this is how Fatima takes care of Bluebeard's precious keys!"

"Oh, papa!" gasped Trixie, clasping her hands.

"I'm glad you kem, sir," continued Winnie; "for Mr. Staykes, the butcher, has been a-wantin' to see you to get his bill. You can see his cart at the kitchen-door."

Mr. Staykes's blue wagon was fully in evidence as described.

"The amount of his bill? Certainly, Winnie. There is some money, I remember, in that drawer," said Mr. Kenward, advancing to the bookcase.

The next minute the drawer was open; but, though the volume of Delorme's poem lay the e, the roll of money was gone.

"Winnie, did you see nothing of a roll of bank-notes here?"

"Nothing, sir," said the old woman, sturdily.

"And you, Trixie—you have not touched anything in this drawer?" He looked at Trixie's face, calmly.

She was silent.

## CHAPTER VI.—CARNIFEX EX MACHINA.

A HUGE form had waddled up to the window, and now the room was darkened. Mr. Staykes the butcher, with a fat smirk on his round face, stood there, nodding his head with propitiative good humor.

"In a moment, Staykes," said Mr. Kenward; then to Winnie: "There was a roll of money in that drawer, Winnie. Are you quite sure you saw nothing of it?"

"Sure as I am o' my Bible, sir," replied Winnie. "I hope you don't suspect me o' touchin' it."

"It is very odd—very. I don't know what to think. I left my keys with you, Beatrix—and, Winnie, I find you at the drawer, you know."

The old servant looked at Beatrix. Unhappy child, her heart was at the point of bursting. She knew Winnie would not betray her; but could she betray and ruin for ever that honest old creature who had run the risk to save her!

"I can very easily find out who took the money," continued Mr. Kenward, producing a small memorandum book, "should any of it be used. Luckily I have the numbers of all the notes—5,637 is one, eight thousand nine —"

The door opened, and Mr. Lennox appeared. He looked surprised for a second, then advanced.

"Why, my dear Kenward, how do you do?" he said gayly, hand out. "I am so glad you are back."

Greeting over, there was a sharp tap at the window-pane. Mr. Staykes was nodding and smiling harder than ever—hinting, delicately as possible, his impatience.

"Lennox, have you ten dollars about you? Lend it me for a few minutes. Something very singular has occurred here. I had a roll of notes in the lower drawer of that bookcase, and they are no longer there."

"Missing?"

"Yes," said Mr. Kenward, as Lennox handed him a bank-bill from his vest-pocket. "But, happily, I hold the numbers—5,637 is one, and 8,902 another." He stopped short, examining the note in his hand—"and," he added, his manner changing all of a sudden, "I perceive that you have my money, Mr. Lennox."

Lennox paled the least bit, biting his lip, then laughed.

"Every dollar of it," he said, producing the roll of notes. "I came in here for my hat and saw the open drawer and the money lying there, and thought it a matter of prudence to take better care of it till called for by the owner."

"Thank you," was the answer, very dryly.

"The open drawer, eh?" Trixie's father turned to her.

"Oh, papa, forgive me!" she sobbed, throwing herself on his bosom. "I opened the drawer to see what was in it, and found—"

"And found, Beatrix?"

"The works of Alfred Delorme."

Harold Kenward's first proceeding was to discover to what he was indebted for the honor of Mr. Lennox's lengthened visit. It appeared that that gentleman wanted to borrow some money. He did not succeed. He left, with his colors lowered, rather ingloriously—bearing in mind an intimation that he would not find much hospitality if he showed his face in that neighborhood again. When he had gone, Mr. Kenward told Trixie who he was.

"A clever scoundrel, child—thoroughly unprincipled—one of the many Alfred Delorme's books attracted to him. And now, Beatrix, you read that book in the drawer?"

"No, papa; not a line in it, except your pencilled foot-note on the first page."

He uttered a sigh of heartfelt relief.

"Thank God! Thank God!"

The poet's future works were shown to his daughter while still damp from the press—not hidden away as evil things unfit for her innocent eyes. They circulated where his writings had never gone before, and though some critics declared that his genius had grown dim and cold, his fame had surely twice increased.

## FESTIVAL FLORENCE.

BY LINDA MAZINI.

GAY crowds in every street, houses draped with rich stuffs, flags and banners waving from balconies, carriages laden with strange faces, eagerly gazing on the buildings and beauties of this marvelous old city, the name of Michel Angelo on all lips gentle and simple: everywhere busts and portraits and medals of the grand old patriot artist. Such has been the aspect of Florence in these sunny September days, during which, for the first time since the fall of the republic in 1529, the flag of the red lily on the white field has waved from the battered tower of hoary St. Miniato.

Did any hopeful visions, we wonder, ever come to cheer those bitter hours when Buonarroti, throwing aside his cherished labors, had hurried back to share his country's dangers, and was slaving night and day to devise new methods of defense against the besieging armies encircling his beloved Florence? How the despair of that rugged, tender soul, already foreseeing the downfall of Florentine liberty, might have been lightened could he have lifted the veil of the future and seen the sight that gladdened all eyes here on Sunday, September 12th, 1875!

A dense throng of free inhabitants of a free and independent Italy marched in solemn procession through the ancient streets of prosperous Florence to do honor to the memory of their greatest artist citizen. On they came, the guilds and arts and associations, noblemen, burghers, artists, writers, statesmen, and municipal authorities, with banners flying, music playing, from the starting-place in the historic Piazza della Signoria, scene of so many old-time tragedies, down the long length of Via Ghibellina, to the modest Buonarroti house. Thence, when the bronze bust over the door had been unveiled, and an oration read by the poet Senator Alceardo Alceardi, the procession passed on to Santa Croce, to visit the great man's tomb and adorn it with the noble silver oak wreath, the gift of artistic Germany, and to which each German city had contributed a spray.

From the Piazzale Michel Angelo, whence the bronze copy of the David looks down upon the city, the spectacle of the enormous slowly advancing procession was truly imposing. The fore-

most rocks were already winding up the heights above the St. Nicholas Gate, while the rear-guard of the bannered throng was still crossing the Ponte alle Grazie. On they came, then, and upon thousands, until the whole population of Florence seemed to be trying to press into the huge Piazza round the monument where Prince Carignano and a group of dignitaries were waiting to receive the official leaders of the march. But as the different bands and deputations reached the Piazza it became impossible to keep back the accompanying throng. The space that edged in royalty was speedily invaded. In vain the few mounted carabinieri and the members of the Festival Committee rushed wildly to and fro apostrophizing the crowd as "ignorants" and "badly educated," and imploring them to keep back. How could they keep back with all Florence pressing on their heels? And thus, although a Tuscan mob is the gentlest and most amenable in the world, a certain amount of confusion arose. This was a popular festival, and the people claimed their rights, and in an instant surged over the great Piazza like a tidal wave. It had taken the monster procession nearly four hours to reach the goal; evening was closing in and the confusion momentarily increased. The excellent speeches of Meissner and other foreign representatives could only be heard by their nearest neighbors. The one hundred and forty banners were huddled into a confused forest in one corner of the Piazza. Starving sightseers disentangled themselves painfully from the throng, and hurried back to Florence to join in other festivities. For on this night there was a great gathering in the fine old Riccardi Place, birthplace of Catherine de Medici, and now the residence of the Prefect Marchese di Montezemolo.

The occasion and the locality combined to make this the most brilliant and successful of official fetes. The assemblage of distinguished artists and literary men from all parts of Europe, the splendor of the renowned rooms, with their Luca Giordano frescoes, painted mirrors and gorgeous coffered ceilings, the noble collection of Gobelins tapestry, the bits of ancient sculpture and bas-reliefs, the fine music, the banks of flowers, the beautiful faces, brilliant toilets, varied uniforms, presence of illustrious personages—all these elements combined to give unusual lustre to the Prefect's entertainment. Of the second day the chief event was the inauguration of an exhibition of Michel Angelo's works, collected from various parts of the world, and now seen together for the first time. Of these a detailed description would here be useless, after the full accounts given by the daily press. The "David" is seen to far greater advantage in his new home than his original post outside the palace of the Signoria. Here one can appreciate better the grandeur of his proportions. The plaster copies of Buonarroti's most celebrated statues in different European cities form an appropriate court round this majestic statue.

Here, too, are the precious volumes of original letters recently given to the light, a superb collection of original drawings and photographs of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, etc. Here, too, is the exquisite Giovanna, recently unearthed at Pisa, and which, long attributed to Donatello, is now said to be an indubitable Michel Angelo. Last, not least, we have also models of the machinery and wooden armor used for the safe transport of the precious "David" from the Piazza to his new abode. These are interesting from the fact that after hot discussions as to how the statue could be safely moved, they were constructed on the plan employed by the great master himself, and of course with complete success.

In the pleasant calm of a private view the full significance of this noble exhibition could be felt and appreciated. "Here," to use the fiery words of our own Swinburne, in his paper on the collection in the "Uffizi"—here, as in his own palace, and wherever in Florence the shadow of his supreme presence has fallen, and the mark of his divine hand been set, the work of Michel Angelo for a time effaces all thoughts of other men or gods. Before the majesty of his imperious advent the lesser kings of time seem, as it were, men bidden to rise up from their thrones, to cover their faces and come down."

The inauguration of the Congress of Architects and Engineers, and Prince Carignano's dinner at the Pitti Palace, filled up the official programme of Monday's festivities. On Tuesday, the last day, the Academy of Fine Arts and the Della Crusca Institute united to do honor to the foreign representatives in the hall of the ex-Senate, and of this meeting the sculptor Dupré's masterly analysis of Michel Angelo's special characteristics as sculptor, painter, poet and architect, was the most noteworthy feature.

A rapid pilgrimage to Dante's house, and the official proceedings of the centenary were at an end; but evening came, and all the hills around the city were ablaze with light. Red, white and green, the national colors, flamed forth in homage to national art. A coronal of fire flashed now and again round the summit of Brunelleschi's Cupola. The tower of the Signoria was outlined in pure white light against the clouded sky. Once more all Florence thronged up to the base of the bronze David on the St. Miniato Hill. Bengal lights glowed here and there in the city beneath, lighting up now Giotto's tower, now some other architectural marvel. From far-off Settignano, a vivid electric flame marked the villa in which the boy Buonarroti's genius had sent out its earliest sparks. Looking down from the terrace of the newly-erected Loggia, beneath Michel Angelo's "Bella Villanella," the church of San Salvatore, the contrasts of light and shade produced very strange and fantastic effects.

The moon completed what man's illumination had failed to do, throwing the gigantic silhouette of the David on to the wall of the sculptor's favorite church. The dense waves of humanity surging over the Piazza were of a curious livid gray to eyes dazzled by the gleaming colored lights around and above them. Involuntarily one thought of the struggling ashen multitude crowding round the Judgment Seat on the wall of the Sistine Chapel. It was only all Florence giving up her living, but in the turmoil and confusion of that exciting scene it seemed like the world giving up its dead. It was one of those strange affinities, 'twixt joy and despair, 'twixt life and death, which bind into one grand unity every "chance and change" of human existence.

Now Florence has resumed her everyday aspect again, but the wave of rejoicing has left behind a solid deposit of enlarged knowledge and reverence for the master and his works. The publication of his hitherto unedited letters and family papers brings out the nobly simple lines of his grand, pure life and lofty labors. His sonnets, too, appear in a new dress. There is an album containing good lithographs of a few of his choicest sketches; there are records and memoirs innumerable. One other thing is worthy of notice in the droll admixture of solemnity in these Florence festivities, and the introduction of certain incongruous adjuncts. The translation of the remains of the historian, Carlo Botta, from Paris to the Church of Santa Croce, on September 11th, was hardly a cheerful prelude to

the festivities of the following day, and it is still more difficult to connect an Agricultural Show and a Veterinary Congress with the memory of Michel Angelo Buonarroti.—London "Examiner."

#### NEW YORK HOSPITAL FOR RELIEF OF THE RUPTURED AND CRIPPLED.

THE Hospital of the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled was organized in April, 1863. The initial circumstances which tended to the organization of this Charity, originated with Dr. James Knight about the Winter of 1842, as in that year the first public clinics in the medical schools were held, where a vast number of cripples presented themselves for free treatment, and the means of relief were exceedingly limited because of the want of suitable surgical appliances for the very indigent applicants. Many surgical operations were performed that would have cured or relieved, when they proved failures for the want of careful home attention and appliances. The doctor then became deeply impressed with the existing necessity of some special provision for their relief, and subsequently made earnest efforts to accomplish so desirable an object.

Many eminent surgeons and citizens were consulted, and gave this Charity the sanction of their names, but withheld their immediate personal cooperation so essential to its success; so that Dr. Knight's exertions, for a time, ended in disappointment. In January, 1862, a paper was prepared presenting the great existing necessity for a hospital where this class of the afflicted could be properly cared for, and signed by the following gentlemen: Professors Valentine Mott, Willard Parker, J. M. Carnochan and James R. Wood; George Opdyke (then Mayor of the city of New York), A. R. Witthaus, Wilson G. Hunt, Robert L. Stuart, T. B. Stillman and Peter Cooper. On April 15th, 1862, at a meeting of the Board of Managers for the Relief of the Poor, Dr. Knight presented this paper. The doctor expressed his views upon the subject, which resulted in the obtaining of a Board of Managers, and subsequently an agreement made by an authorized committee with Dr. Knight, who had at his own expense fitted up his dwelling, at No. 97 Second Avenue, with twenty-eight beds, and his conservatory as a workshop, with all the implements necessary for manufacturing surgical appliances for the patients. This committee agreed to take the premises at the nominal rent of twelve hundred dollars a year, and support the establishment for three years. At the expiration of this agreement, they purchased the property for \$15,000, and at the end of seven years sold the house and lot for \$20,000.

In the Spring of 1867 five lots were purchased on the corner of Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, and in June, 1868, the plans of the architect accepted—large sums of money having been contributed by Chauncey and Henry Rose, John C. Baldwin, John C. Green, Jonathan Sturges, James Lenox, John David Wolf, Joseph Sampson, and numerous others, to the amount of \$224,167. In April, 1870, the treasurer informed the Board of Managers that about \$50,000 would be required to pay the remaining bills and complete and furnish the hospital. Mr. John C. Green then offered to contribute \$50,000 if the Board would raise an equal amount, which they did, and invested the balance for the support of the hospital. In May, 1870, the hospital was in readiness for the reception of patients. There were treated the first year, 2,721 patients, of whom 153 were house patients. The second year, 3,306, of whom 225 were house patients; and in 1874-5, 5,023, of whom 310 were house patients. To May last there have been treated 31,471 patients, nearly all of whom have been supplied with surgical appliances, and for the annual support of the hospital \$41,000 have been expended during the past year. Of this amount, about \$25,000 is received from the county, the remainder from private contributors, paying patients, and income from investment.

All manner of curable cripples are treated. Medical and surgical aid is given when necessary. The required surgical appliances, such as trusses, supports, laced stockings, etc., are supplied the indigent free of charge, to the number of thousands annually. All surgical appliances are manufactured on the premises, and are constructed of the best material and in the least expensive manner. These supports relieve the weakened or deformed parts of the body or limbs to a condition susceptible of being benefited by other healing elements. Scrofula is the evil from which the largest proportion suffer. It manifests its presence in the form of disease of the spine, hip, white-swelling, club feet, and affections of the bones. In the out-door department many men and women, who would otherwise be a burden to themselves and the public, are enabled to provide for themselves and families, and thus saved from degrading pauperism.

The treatment of in-door patients is most comprehensive—the result of much experience—and has proved very effective, seventy-five per cent. of the patients being restored to an ability to earn their living. Sanitary means are relied upon to produce the greater part of the healing, although any of the medicines approved of by the profession are administered when necessary. Surgical operations are limited mainly to that of the subcutaneous division of tendons for the relief of contorted limbs. Much confidence is placed in sanitary measures, good food, ventilation, cleanliness, healthful nourishment and amusements. These, in a few days, start a new life in the most hopeless cases.

In the treatment is included amusing exercises; hence not monotonous and objectionable to the patients, tending to a depression of mental energy, when essential to promote physical energy or to relieve contractions and stiffened joints. At the top of the house is the Kinder-garten, or great play-room, over which are three domes. At their base they are encircled with windows, readily opened, for the escape of heated air in the crown of the domes of a hot day in summer, and which increases the current of air inwards, from the many windows inclosing the hall. On the most sultry days in summer a delightful breeze is brought through the place by means of this arrangement. During cold weather the room is kept at a temperature of 60°, ten degrees lower than that of the lower halls. This department is furnished with swings in which the patients move by their own exertions, thus exercising their bodies and arms when deprived of the use of their legs, affording them most beneficial exercises when carefully restricted by the attending physician, one of whom is always present when the children are exercising. It also contains hobby-horses, requiring for their movement round the room a most decided effort from the arms, body and legs. This amusement is so exhilarating and pleasurable, that children will sometimes ride while tears come to their eyes from pain, while the movements of their contracted limbs cause. A variety of other exercises and gymnastic appliances are made available, under the charge of a professional gymnast.

The medical staff of this hospital consists of: Dr. James Knight, resident physician and surgeon in charge; Dr. Virgil P. Gibney, his first assistant;

and three other junior assistants. Consulting physicians and surgeons: Drs. Parker, Hamilton, Van Buren, Buck, Flint, Metcalf, Agnew and Janeway; and its managers number some of our best known citizens.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE RAILWAY JUBILEE AT DARLINGTON fifty celebrated with more than provincial festivities the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the first railway in England, September 27th, 1825. Crowds of people of all ranks poured into the old metropolis of Quakerism, and telegrams were sent to the directors of the festival from the "railway kings" of the European Continent and of America. A leading feature of the occasion was the unveiling of the statue of Joseph Pease, the first Quaker Member of Parliament, the sagacious, persevering and eloquent coadjutor of both Stephenson and Wilberforce.

THE MICHEL ANGELO QUATERCENTENARY AT FLORENCE.—We publish elsewhere a brilliant description of the three days' festival, by which the Florentines, and seven or eight hundred delegates of the literary and artistic community from various parts of Italy and of other European countries, commemorated last month the 400th birthday of the great poet, painter and sculptor, Michel Angelo Buonarroti. As we have already intimated, it is a mystery why the actual date of the anniversary (March 6th, 1474) was not fixed for the festivities, but the Florentines made up for an inaccuracy as to the date by their warm enthusiasm. Our engraving shows the inauguration of a bronze copy of Michel Angelo's grand marble statue of "David" lately erected on the terraces of San Miniato. It was here that the famous artist stationed himself to direct the works of defensive fortification at the siege of Florence in 1529. The statue was surrounded with a collection of plaster casts, drawings and photographs, sent from Rome, Naples, Bologna, Paris and London, representing other works of Michel Angelo than those to be seen at Florence. Several eminent foreign artists, among them Meissonnier, delivered addresses at San Miniato.

THE WRECK OF H. M. S. "VANGUARD" continues to supply the English pictorial papers with numerous illustrations. We reproduce one which shows the boats engaged in waiting upon the divers who went down to explore the wreck and to cut away the spars and rigging at the depth of eighteen fathoms, in the Irish Sea. The men in two of the boats are seen to be engaged in letting down or helping up the divers, who are equipped in their pot-helmets, with glazed holes to look through, and with flexible india-rubber tubes for the air they are to breathe. The ropes are worked by means of a winding machine inclosed in the box, with a hand-wheel attached, which is erected in the middle part of the boat. Other boats are occupied with raising the spars from the wreck, previously cut loose by the divers below.

H. M. S. "SERAPIS."—The representation of the quarterdeck of the *Serapis* will give some idea of the extent of this splendid troopship, which was selected to carry the Prince of Wales from Brindisi to Bombay. The exterior of the vessel has been very little altered, the hull still being painted white, and the only noteworthy change being the substitution of a broad gold band, edged with blue, for the ordinary distinctive green ribbon. The interior, however, has been entirely revolutionized, and the vessel, magnificently fitted up for the occasion, may be truly termed, in every respect, a floating palace.

THE REVOLT IN THE HERZEGOVINA.—Our cut represents one of the many incidents of this revolt, the storming of a Turkish block-house in the Sutorina, a southern district of the affected province, which in the early days of the insurrection was ravaged by various Montenegrin bands, as well as the Herzegovinians proper. The taking of these isolated block-houses was of very little real importance, the buildings being old, half-ruined stone huts, roofed and loop-holed, in which small detachments of Turks were posted, the garrison mostly consisting of an officer and some six or seven men, whom the commander of the district had not been sufficiently prudent to call into the fortified towns.

DRILLING CHINESE TROOPS AT AMOY, on the part of English officers, is a somewhat more interesting and important duty than usual, in view of the recently reported imminent chances of a rupture between Great Britain and China. The men are described as "a rough-looking lot," and fond of boasting about their fabulous exploits in Formosa.

#### FUN.

WHY is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel?—Because the fellows round him are tired.

WHAT language does an Arabian child speak before it cuts its teeth?—Gum-Arabic, unquestionably.

WHY is a church-bell more affable than a church-organ?—Because one will go when it is tolled, but the other will be "blowed" first.

"PA, I guess our man Ralph is a good Christian." "How so, my boy?" "Why, pa, I read in the Bible that the wicked shall not live out half his days; and Ralph says he has lived out ever since he was a little boy."

A FEW Sundays ago a young Unitarian became drowsy at church, and, putting his head in his father's lap, closed his eyes. Just as he seemed to be fairly gone, the preacher said: "Every man has at least one drop of Adam's blood in his veins;" and at this the small boy rose up to whisper: "Papa, Adam must have been a mighty big man."

A LITTLE fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, after having been washed, was put into another garment as much too large as the other had been too small. Our six-year old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

THE German papers tell this story in connection with Baron Rothschild's death: "A meets B, weeping and sobbing aloud. Says A, 'Why do you weep?' 'Because,' says B, as if his heart were breaking, 'because he is dead—the powerful, the rich baron.' 'But,' replied A, 'why do you cry so much? He was no relation of yours!' 'That's just what I am crying about,' howls B, more affected than ever."

At a school examination a clergyman made a brief address to the pupils on the necessity of obeying their teachers and growing up loyal and useful citizens. To emphasize his remark, he pointed to a large national flag spread on one side of the room, and inquired, "Boys, what is that flag for?" A little urchin, who understood the condition of the house better than the speaker, very promptly answered, "To hide the dirt, sir."

A QUAKER having had a bag of golden eagles stolen from his counter while he stepped into his back room but a moment, never mentioned the loss to a single soul, but quietly bided his time. Several months afterwards, a neighbor, being in his office, carelessly asked if he'd ever heard anything of that bag of eagles that he'd lost? "Ah, John!" exclaimed the Quaker, "that's the thief, or those could not have known anything about it!" The shrewd old fellow was right, and the gold was restored, with interest.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Mlle. Theresa Titiens will sing in Handel's oratorio "The Messiah," at the inaugural performance of the Centennial Choral Union at Steinway Hall on Wednesday, October 20th. . . . Mr. J. N. Pattison is delivering a series of lectures on "Music and its Great Composers," illustrated by musical selections, at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. Mr. Pattison brings to his work ripe knowledge and extensive experience. These lectures are a source of incalculable advantage and unalloyed pleasure to all lovers of music. . . . "Our Boys" continues to draw crowds to the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The management will be compelled to withdraw it on October 23d, to make way for the engagement of Mr. Edwin Booth, who opens on Monday, October 25th, in "Hamlet." Mr. Booth will receive a rousing welcome. . . . The Kellogg English Opera Troupe have been very successful at Booth's Theatre. The opening night, Monday, October 11th, was a perfect ovation. The beautiful opera of "Mignon" was produced, which gave opportunity for bringing out the best qualities of the excellent company. Miss Kellogg in the title rôle, Mr. Castle as Wilhelm, and Mr. Peakes as Lothario, were as pleasing as ever. Miss Beaumont as Frederic gave some fine acting and artistic singing. "Ernani" on Tuesday, "The Huguenots" on Friday, and "Fra Diavolo" on Saturday evening, were performed with Mme. Van Zandt as the prima donna. "The Bohemian Girl," "Faust" and Benedict's Opera "Lily of Killarney" were produced during the engagement. . . . Ernesto Rossi, who was announced to appear at the Lyceum, has failed to comply with his contract, and will not appear in this country. The public, although greatly disappointed, acquit Mr. Grau of all blame in the matter, and attribute the absence of the great tragedian to the vagaries of the foreign artist. The attractions at the Lyceum will be well kept up nevertheless. After the close of the engagement of the opera bouffe company who have filled the house for the past few weeks, a French comedy company will play a short engagement. "Le Canard à Trois Bees" (The Wonderful Duck) was produced for the first time on Saturday, October 16th. . . . The "Overland Route" still continues the attraction at Wallack's. . . . The seventh week of the successful run of "The Mighty Dollar," at the Park, began on Monday, October 18th. . . . The Union Square Theatre is still running "Leda Astray" to crowded houses. . . . Gilmore's Garden, despite the opening of the theatres, continues to be the favorite evening resort. Heaters have been introduced in the building, and a delightful Spring temperature is always preserved. New attractions are presented every week. Mme. Marie Salvotti, a lady possessing a remarkably strong soprano voice, sang at the Garden last week, and created a decided sensation by her artistic performance. . . . The Wachtel opera season was inaugurated at the Academy of Music on Monday, October 18th. The great tenor and his able support produced Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* "Les Huguenots" in magnificent style. . . . The Germania Theatre has now an excellent company, and our German citizens are giving it a cordial support. . . . Mr. James McCarroll recently delivered the first lecture of the season at the Grand Conservatory of Music, Fifth Avenue. Subject: "A Glance at the Origin, Early History and Influence of Music."

PROVINCIAL.—Flotow's last work, "The Spectre" (L'Ombre), was performed for the first time in America, at Kennedy Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, October 13th, by the Redpath English Opera Company. . . . Miss Ethel commenced the second week of her engagement at the Brooklyn Theatre on October 11th, appearing as Agnes, in the play of the same name, written expressly for Miss Ethel by Victorien Sardou. . . . The Vokes Family opened at the National Theatre, Washington, October 11th. . . . The Texas sufferers will receive a benefit at the California Theatre, San Francisco, on October 20th. . . . John Dillon made a hit at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, as Major Wellington de Boots. . . . Nick Roberts's Pantomime Company are performing "Jack and Jill" at the Academy of Music, New Orleans. . . . Edwin Adams appeared at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, on October 11th. . . . The Fifth Avenue Theatre Company are billed at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, for November 1st. "Big Bonanza" is to be the attraction. . . . Mrs. J. A. Oates's Comic Opera Troupe commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on October 11th. They opened in an English version of "Girof-Girof." . . . Miss Fanny Davenport opened her starring tour at St. Louis on October 11th. She will play *Lady Gay Spanker*, and in "Frou-Frou" and "Divorce." . . . Colonel Sellers so filled the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week, that the orchestra were driven to play beneath the stage. . . . Mr. T. L. Connor was struck with paralysis while playing the part of Charles Courtley, at Albany, last week. We are happy to say that he is now considerably better. . . . Mr. Theodore Thomas will, in conjunction with the Cincinnati Harmonic Society, perform the following works in Cincinnati this season: Liszt's cantata, "The Bells of Strasbourg Cathedral;" Gluck's "Orpheus;" Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," and an oratorio by Handel. . . . James E. Murdock, the veteran actor, began a course of six Shakespearean lectures, illustrated by recitations, at Boston, on October 12th. . . . Mr. E. K. Collier, who is well-known to theatre-goers in this city, recently assumed the part of Henry VIII on a few hours' notice, on the occasion of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Rignold, and performed the part very creditably. . . . Hermann, the magician, appeared at Maguire's Theatre, San Francisco, last week. . . . Miss Jane Coombs commenced a brief engagement at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, on October 11th. . . . "Peril" is the attraction at Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn, this week. . . . The Great German pianist, Dr. Hans von Bullow, has arrived at Boston, where he makes his debut in this country, at Music Hall. From thence he goes to Providence, Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven and Bridgeport, arriving at New York, to open Chickering Hall, November 15th.

FOREIGN.—An English version of Lecocq's "Fleur de Thé" has been prepared for the opening piece at the London Criterion, and Strauss's "La Reine Indigo," also in English, will follow. . . . The "Paris Additions" made by Carl Rosa to Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," consist simply of a version of the contract, or marriage scene, a duet for Queen Mab and Arline, and some ballet music. . . . Signor Bucalossi, an Italian composer, long resident in England, has composed a new comic opera in three acts, entitled "Mlle. Trainette," and the libretto has been translated into English for production in London. . . . Charles Gounod has nearly finished setting to music Molière's comedy, "George Dandin; ou, Le Mari Confondu." . . . Byron's new comedy, "Married in Haste," was produced at the Haymarket, London, October 2d. . . . It was announced in Paris that before leaving for the United States Signor Rossi would give two performances of "Otello," at the Salle Ventadour. . . . According to English critics, the "Shaughraun" has fulfilled its promise, and is a wonderful hit. . . . The twentieth season of the Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the London Crystal Palace began October 2d. . . . Sir Michael Costa begins his season of the Sacred Harmonic Society on the 26th. . . . Manager Gye's Italian Opera Troupe, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict, began their tour at Dublin, where they had the assistance of a portion of the Royal Italian Opera band and chorus. . . . Balfe's earliest opera in London, "The Siege of Rochelle," is in preparation for the Princess's Theatre. . . . The Russian opera, "Di-mitri," is announced for the Grand Opera House, Paris. . . . "La Dame aux Camélias," by Alexandre Dumas, is the latest revival at the Gymnase, London.



NEW YORK CITY.—REVIEW OF THE FIRST DIVISION, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, BY GOVERNOR TILDEN AND STAFF.—SEE PAGE 125.



NEW YORK CITY.—HOSPITAL FOR THE RELIEF OF THE RUPTURED AND CRIPPLED, CORNER OF LEXINGTON AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET.—SEE PAGE 119.

## AT PARTING.

BY  
A. C. SWINBURNE.

Folded a day and a night, Love sang to us, played  
with us,  
Folded us round from the dark and the light;  
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made  
with us,  
Made with our hearts and our lips while he staid  
with us,  
Staid in mid passage his pinions from flight  
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had  
he hidden us,  
Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,  
From the feet that had tracked and the tongues  
that had chidden us,  
Sheltering in shades of the myrtles forbidden us,  
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight,  
For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not  
stay for us;  
Morning is here in the joy of its might;  
With his breath has he sweetened a night and a  
day for us;  
Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us;  
Love can but last in us here at his height  
For a day and a night.

## Repented at Leisure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "REDEEMED  
BY LOVE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE London papers were brought to Ethel, and she searched them anxiously for news of her husband. She found it at last. His trial was to take place on the 3d of August, and no hope was given that he would be leniently dealt with. Until the 3d of August her life passed like a dream—she neither smiled nor laughed, and seldom spoke; she sat like one in a trance—in a listless dream.

On the day of the trial she rose with the dawn; she knelt by the side of her bed, with clasped hands and bowed head, full of deep, unutterable misery. She had driven herself almost crazy with fear, wondering what she should do if her husband were set free and came to claim her—if the story of her disgraceful marriage were ever made known.

"I should kill myself," she said, with clinched hands. "I could not face the exposure and the shame."

The 3d of August was a bright, warm, beautiful day, but Ethel sat in her own room, silent, melancholy, listless, wondering what Laurie was doing—what was happening. Her heart turned faint and cold as she pictured him in the felon's dock, his handsome face white with shame, his head bent—forgot, thief, waiting to receive his sentence.

She did not love him—she never had loved him—but all that evening she sat at her window watching the sun set, and the moon rise—watching the purple evening shadows and the dark, gray shades of night—watching the stars while others slept, and the crimson dawn that looked so fair in the eastern sky broke once again over the earth.

He knew his fate by then; sentence had been pronounced upon him; and soon she should know it. Was he watching the rise of the early dawn through the prison bars? Was he thinking of her, this forger and thief, who had loved her so passionately and so well?

What would he do? Would he write to her and claim her, or mercifully let her rest in peace?

Ethel had not moved or stirred all night; but, when Helen entered her room, she believed that her charge had just risen. When the girl turned round to her with a white, wan face and great hollow circles round her eyes, Miss Digby uttered a little startled cry.

"You are not so well to-day, Ethel, I am sure," she cried; "you have not slept well. I have brought you the *Times*."

A blush that seemed to burn the beautiful face rose over it—Helen could not understand why. Ethel turned eagerly to her, and held out her hand for the newspaper.

"Shall I stay with you?" she asked. "I shall be very pleased to spend the morning in your room."

"No, no, thank you, Helen," she cried, eagerly; "I want to be alone."

Helen lingered to perform two or three kindly offices for her, and the girl's impatience reached fever-heat. Would she never go? Would she never be able to open that paper and know her fate? At last, with kindly words and an anxious look, Helen Digby went away.

Ethel was alone then, and the burning, trembling hands hastened to open the paper. There it was, in large letters—"The trial of Laurie Carrington for theft and forgery." The report of the trial occupied many columns; she did not overlook a single word.

It was surely the saddest, simplest story ever told of any man's downfall—so sad and so simple that, as she read it, tears filled her eyes, and fell on the paper—tears of pity for the thief and the forger who had tempted her.

He came of a good family—the Carringtons of Oxford, and he was the only son of his mother—a widow. His father had once been a rich man, and he himself had received an excellent education; he had distinguished himself at college, and had been bidden fair to become a distinguished scholar. But his father was ruined by the failure of some mines in which he had risked the whole of his fortune, and Laurie was taken from college to be placed in the Anglo-Scottish Bank.

There he attracted notice by industry, perseverance, and honesty. By degrees he reached the highest post in the bank; and, although young, his talents were so great that he was made manager when the gentleman who had occupied that position died. There was before him a glorious future, and nothing marred it but his own folly; he allowed himself to be tempted by the love of gambling. He lost, won, and lost again, principally on the race-course; he gave himself up to all kinds of folly—took a large house, and lived in grand style—gave magnificent parties—meanwhile appropriating money that was not his own, intending at some future time to refund it. Then, in order to hide his defalcations, he purposely falsified the accounts; and when he found it impossible to hide his crime he crowned it by forging a check for five thousand pounds, and running away with the money. The directors offered a large reward for his capture; but for some time all hope of effecting it seemed in vain. At last he was found at the Queen's Hotel, St. James's Bay, where he had been hiding in disguise ever since he had committed the crime; and those in court wondered, as they heard this, why he had lingered in such deadly peril. No one knew

and no one guessed the story of his passionate love for beautiful, proud Ethel Gordon.

The trial would have been longer but that the prisoner made no defense. He pleaded guilty, and asked for mercy—he was young, and had been sorely tempted. The directors were leniently inclined—Mr. Carrington had refunded the greater part of the money, and they were prosecuting in the interests of justice only. But the judge was very severe upon the prisoner. Several pleas for mercy, his lordship said, had been placed before him, but he did not think any of them ought to bias his decision. Still he considered justice would be met if he sentenced the prisoner to ten years' penal servitude.

It was a perfectly just sentence; but the report went on to tell of its terrible effect upon the prisoner. His face grew ghastly white, and he trembled violently.

"Ten years!" he repeated. "Oh, my lord, have mercy on me!"

"You have had no mercy on yourself," the judge replied. "I can only hope that your punishment may be a warning to other young men who abuse the trust placed in them by their employers."

The report concluded with these words: "The prisoner, who seemed to feel his position acutely, was then removed from the dock."

Ethel read with burning eyes and quivering lips; she did not miss a single word! and when she had reached the conclusion, the paper fell from her hands to the ground.

Ten years of penal servitude—ten years must elapse before he could claim her. Before he could see her again much might happen; she might even die. Surely the misery of her secret would kill her before then? And that was the story of the man she had married—the forger and thief! A flush of hot indignation burned in her face. Surely, of all the crimes he had committed, the very worst was to have betrayed, deceived, and married her—to have blighted her young life and sacrificed her to his own most selfish love.

As she sat there, anger, pride and despair doing fierce battle in her heart, Helen entered.

"Have you done with the *Times*, Ethel? There is quite a demand for the London paper this morning. It appears that Mr. Nugent's trial is in it. Did you notice it? Have you read it?"

"I have read it," was the brief reply.

"I want to read it to Lady Stafton. She takes great interest in it. I hope the sentence is not a very heavy one."

"Ten years' penal servitude," said Ethel; and Helen was puzzled by the strange sound of her voice. She took up the newspaper and went away.

Not once that day did Ethel quit her room. She could not have borne the ceaseless discussions, the weary repetition of each detail, the pity, the blame, the wonder.

"I should think," she said once to herself, "that he must hate me. If he had not stopped here for my sake, he would not have been in prison now."

Helen Digby read the report of the trial to her friend. They agreed that it was a just sentence.

"I shall always wonder what he meant by throwing down those faded flowers for his wife," said Lady Stafton, who enjoyed a little romance. "He cannot surely have had a wife hidden here."

"No," observed Helen; "you see in the report of the trial he is spoken of as a single man. It was merely a bit of sensationalism—nothing more. I think we have discussed him long enough. I am not happy about Ethel; I cannot imagine what has happened to her."

"Is she ill again?" asked Lady Stafton.

"She has not been well for some time. This morning, when I went into her room, I was quite startled; her face was colorless—there were great hollow circles round her eyes. I assure you she is losing her youth and her beauty; she looks like one who has lived through years of sorrow and care."

"What does she complain of?" inquired Lady Stafton.

"Nothing; if she would only complain, I should feel much happier."

"Perhaps it is nothing after all," said Lady Stafton.

"I am anxious to believe it; but what can have changed her so entirely? You remember how bright and beautiful she was—what an exquisite color she had—how brightly her eyes shone? All that has disappeared; she looks like one who weeps all night and watches all day."

"Perhaps she is a victim to some love-affair," suggested Lady Stafton.

"No; I must have known something of it if that had been the case. She has never been in love. You forget how young she is."

"Is she grieving over her father's absence?" asked Lady Stafton.

"I think not; when I speak of his return, it does not interest her. She seems always the same—tired, wearied, listless, inert, languid—she who used to be all life and vivacity; I cannot account for the change."

"You should try to rouse her, Helen; it will not do to give way to her."

"So I do; I talk to her, but she never answers; she never even seems to hear. Whenever I go into her room, I find her sitting at the window looking with tired, dreamy eyes over the sea. If I take her a book to read, she returns it to me, and I find that she has not even opened it. If I ask her to do anything for me, I am sure to discover that she has forgotten all about it. How am I to rouse her? What am I to do?"

"Something must have caused this change," said Lady Stafton, musingly; "you must try to find out what that something is."

"She has changed even towards me," continued Miss Digby. "She used to dislike me very much; she treated me with a kind of half-willful, proud defiance that amused even while it pained me. All that has gone now; she is so submissive that she obeys me implicitly; more than once she has clasped her arms round my neck, laid her head on my shoulder, and wept until I really thought her heart would break."

"I should write to Sir Leonard and ask for his advice, Helen. Perhaps St. James's does not suit her; she would be better at Fountayne."

"I asked her yesterday if she would like to return there, but she did not take the least interest in the matter. I am afraid, if she continues in this way, she will lose either her reason or her life."

"Go back to Fountayne, Helen; the journey, the change of scene, must be beneficial to her."

"I think it would," agreed Miss Digby; "I will see what Ethel says."

As she had anticipated, Ethel appeared quite indifferent.

"If you are willing, Ethel," Helen began, "I should like to go to Fountayne this week."

"I am quite willing," was the listless reply.

"If you would prefer to remain here, we can easily do so. I should like you to be pleased."

"I shall be content with any decision you may make, Helen," said Ethel.

And, looking into the wan, white face, and noting the shadows in the violet eyes, Helen Digby thought to herself that the heart of proud, beautiful Ethel Gordon was most surely broken.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE was considerable excitement when Ethel Gordon once more crossed the threshold of her father's house. The servants looked at her in wonder. What had happened to their bright young mistress? She had left them only a few short months since, and then no flower had been fairer or more blooming. She returned to them, her face colorless, her eyes shadowed with sorrow, the brightness gone from her; there were no more smiles, no more sweet snatches of song.

"I can hardly believe," said the butler—an important person at Fountayne—"that it is Miss Gordon; nor can I think what has so completely changed her."

They hoped that it was only fatigue from her journey, and that in a few days she would be her own bright, capricious, charming self again. But days passed on, weeks elapsed, and no change came to her; and they realized the fact that her girlish gaiety had gone from her for ever.

The servants had been tempted at first to resent Miss Digby's rule, but after a time they acknowledged that it was well that she was there. The willful, pretty, imperious caprices that had made the amusement and had caused the despair of the whole household were all over. Neither rule nor power had any more interest for Ethel. Those who went to ask her questions, hoping that she would evince some little interest, all received the same answer, the same listless, indifferent reply. It was either, "I know nothing of it," or, "You had better ask Miss Digby."

The old housekeeper would listen with tears in her eyes.

"If she would only scold, or go into passions, like she used to do, I should not care; but what I cannot bear is to see her sitting there looking as though the world were all over for her."

It had been a terrible trial for Ethel, that coming home. She had been so completely queen and mistress, her reign had been so undisputed, she had been so dearly loved. Life had been bright for her—bright with vague, pleasing hopes. They were all blighted now. She had left home the fair, proud descendant of a grand old race; she had returned the wife of a forger and a thief. She had left Fountayne one of the happiest, gayest, brightest of human beings; she had returned without an interest in life.

It had been terrible to her, that coming home; the sight of the familiar, much-loved spot seemed to show her more clearly than ever, what depths of degradation separated her from the gay, proud young Ethel who had been mistress there. She walked under the shade of the tall spreading trees, and the rustle of the wind amongst the branches seemed to have a voice. That voice said to her, "You are the first degenerate Gordon. Your predecessors were faithful and true; you are the first who has married a forger and a thief."

She walked in the long picture-gallery, and the fair, proud faces of the Gordons long since dead seemed to look down on her, with scornful pity. "A forger and a thief!" she fancied each proud mouth repeated the words; and she passed along the gallery pale, frightened, the shadow of her former self. In after years she tried to remember how many deaths she had died before the golden Autumn faded into chill Winter. She dreaded lest this terrible secret of hers should be known. She would have suffered any torture, she would have endured any punishment, rather than that. What if Laurie should write and claim her, saying that she was his wife? True, it could do him no good—it could not save him from the consequences of his crime. Perhaps, remembering how young she was, and how completely he had deceived her, he might be merciful, and spare her.

She was so innocent, so inexperienced, that she did not know where to write to him. She had an idea of sending him a passionate appeal for silence and compassion; how should she address her letter? Her life had passed so happily until now. She knew, in some vague kind of way, that there were sin, sorrow and crime in the world—that life had a shady side all unknown to the innocent; she knew that there were prisons and scaffolds—but it was all in the vaguest fashion. She had never seen anything of crime, and now she was suddenly brought face to face with it. Her own husband—the man whom she had married in secrecy and haste—lay in a felon's cell. The man through whose aid and help she had intended to triumph over her rival was bound hand and foot in the trammels of stern, terrible justice.

What should she do if ever he wrote to claim her? She raised her beautiful despairing face to the bright heavens.

"I should kill myself!" she said. "A Gordon could never live in shame."

Every loud ring at the hall-door, every unexpected noise, every look of excitement on the faces of those near her, sent a thrill of fear to her heart, blanched her face, and made her hands tremble so that whatever she was holding fell. It seemed to her that her living moments were dying ones. Yet she could not tell what she dreaded. Her husband could not seek her, and it was improbable that any one else knew her secret; still the terrible fear never left her, never died away.

That was her first great punishment; the second was her gradual awakening to a sense of what she had done. It had seemed like a feverish dream to her. She had been led on from hour to hour—from day to day, she had been drawn so insensibly, so gradually, into the net, that she had not noticed it. Her senses had been steeped in a glamour of flattery, homage and fancy which she had mistaken for love. The desire for vengeance had hurried her on, the pictured dream of a clever triumph had closed her eyes to all else. It had been a dream, and the awakening was terrible to her.

Looking back calmly, she could not believe that she—Ethel Gordon—had been so blindly misled. Now that it was too late, she asked herself where was her pride, her dignity, her self-respect—where the pride of race and name that should have kept her from so terrible a blunder, so great a folly, so miserable a sin?

Perhaps that was the greatest punishment of all. She would look around her with despairing eyes, asking herself how long she had to live—how long she must carry this terrible burden of sorrow and shame. There was no help for her—no human aid or power could help her. She had taken her vows before heaven, and only heaven could release her from them. No wonder she buried her face in her hands, hated the bright sunshine, and longed only for death.

There were long nights when no sleep came to her, when with rapid step she would walk up and down her room, wringing her hands, uttering from time to time a low, passionate cry, longing with impotent wrath to have Laurie Carrington punished for what he had done to her.

"It was so cruel," she said, "so bitterly cruel." To satisfy his selfish love he had blighted the whole of her fair young life. What had she done, she asked, with weeping eyes, that heaven should punish her so cruelly?

There were whole days when she could do nothing,

when she wandered listlessly from room to room, her beautiful face restless with pain, unable to read, to sing, finding only in perpetual movement a solace for her most grievous pain. She knew that time would deaden it, that a day would come when only a dull stupor would tell what she had suffered, but it seemed long in coming.

The friends and neighbors who had known her when her life was all sunshine looked wonderingly at her now, but neither wonder nor pity, nor compassion nor sympathy touched Ethel—she was becoming indifferent to all.

There were times, too, when she felt a terrible craving, a desire that she might wake and find it all a dream, that she might wake and find herself Ethel Gordon again—gay, frank, proud, bewitching Ethel—that she might emerge from this dark cloud and sun herself once more in the brightness of life. How she longed for it! But the die was cast, and life was to be no bright dream for her.

She laughed sometimes—a bitter, reckless laugh—when she remembered her father's words—how he had prophesied that if she did not rid herself of her pride and willful humor a mightier hand would do it for her.

Gradually everything fell into its old routine at Fountayne. Miss Digby more than verified all Sir Leonard's predictions. She made an excellent mistress for the Hall; her rule was firm and gentle. She was liked and respected, but there was no such passionate attachment as had been expressed to Ethel Gordon.

"I am almost afraid to meet your father, Ethel," said Helen Digby one day. "What will he say to me when he looks at you?"

"Why should he say anything at all?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, you are so altered—you are so terribly changed? Oh, Ethel, if I could only make you what you used to be—if I could bring back the brightness to your face, the light to your eyes—if I could give you some of your old defiant frankness, my darling, I would sacrifice all I have in the world!"

"Am I so terribly changed?" she inquired, with a slow smile.

Helen Digby raised her hand and pointed to a lilac-tree.

"There is just as much difference," she said, "between you as I knew you first and you as you are now, as there is between that tree when it is covered with fragrant flowers, and that tree as it stands—without a bloom."

Ethel smiled again the slow sad smile which never brightened the violet eyes. She knew the comparison was correct.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

MORE than two years had passed since Ethel Gordon had contracted her fatal marriage vows; what she had foreseen came true. The smart of her pain, the intolerable anguish had died away—had given place to a dull stupor, from which she made no effort to arouse herself. By this time she realized what she had done, and knew that as long as life lasted there was no hope, no chance for her; she would have to wear her burden in secrecy and misery until death released her. She had grown resigned to it with a hopeless, proud, cold kind of resignation; she suffered proudly, even as she had sinned. Helen Digby had grown accustomed to the change, while the servants had ceased to comment upon it; and when Sir Leonard returned it struck him with all the force of a terrible blow.

He came home one Autumn evening, and his first words were, "Where is Ethel?" She had not hastened to greet him as he thought she would. Conscience had made a coward of her. She was almost afraid he would read her secret in her face—that face of which he had once been so proud.

Slowly and quietly she came to him; the evening light shone full upon her. It showed him clearly the colorless cheeks, the sad eyes; and for a few minutes he hardly recognized his darling. She had been wont to walk with such light, buoyant grace—her steps had made music in his ears; now every movement was sad and low. Sir Leonard looked at her in dismay.

"Helen," he said, "is this Ethel? My darling, what have you been doing? What has happened to you?"

She clung round his neck, her tender arms holding him as though she would never let him go again. She shed a few quiet tears—hopeless, despairing tears; his presence brought the old happy life back to her so forcibly, the life wherein she had been so free, so happy—wherein she had carried no terrible burden of fear and despair.

Sir Leonard unclasped her arms, and looked earnestly at her.

"How beautiful you have grown, Ethel!" he said. "But it is the beauty of a sad woman, not of a bright young girl."

She tried to look and speak like her old self.

"It is your fancy, papa," she said. "Why should I be sad—now especially when I have you back?"

Sir Leonard said no more just then; but that evening, after Ethel had left them, he asked Helen Digby to give him five or ten minutes—he wanted to speak to her particularly. He wished to thank her for her constancy, her goodness, her care for his interests, her kindness—to arrange for the time of their marriage; but, above all, he wished to speak to her of Ethel—to ask what had happened to the child—what ailed her.

"Believe me, Helen," he said, slowly, "that in all my life I have never seen such a change. She was a bright, willful, laughing girl when I went away, now she looks like one who for long years has carried a terrible burden of sorrow. Helen, I know you will be perfectly frank with me—have you any clue to this mystery—have you any idea of what has changed her?"

Helen Digby raised her clear, truthful eyes to his.

"I have not the least in the world," she answered.

"Has she had a lover, or anything of that kind?"

"No. You must remember that she has never been a day away from me—not one single day, Leonard. She could not have had a lover without my knowing it. But I hardly like to say what I think."

"Say anything you please to me, Helen. I know your interest in my darling is as great almost as my own."

"I think, candidly, she detests all notion of love and lovers. She is so unlike other girls, Leonard—she never seems to care for admiration, not even to like it. I do not believe she will ever marry."

"It is strange," said Sir Leonard, musingly.

"But true," she supplemented.

"You say the first beginning of all this was an illness caused by a sunstroke?"

"I think so," replied Miss Digby. "One warm summer day Ethel went out for a long ramble—she was always fond of the woods. When she returned, she had a severe fainting fit. She was ill for some days after it, and I do not think she has ever been the same since."

"We must see what change of scene will do for

her," said Sir Leonard. "If you will consent, Helen, our wedding-trip shall be to France and Italy. Ethel will like that, I am sure."

"Will you allow me to advise one thing, Leonard?" asked Helen, timidly. "Do not talk to Ethel about herself. She is very proud, very reticent; and I have noticed that any reference to herself gives her pain. She seems to shrink from it. I could not do much for her while you were away, but I should say that plenty of change, cheerful society, and not appearing to notice her depression and melancholy would be the best cure for both."

"You are very wise, Helen. I quite agree with you. And now will you think of rewarding my patience? I have waited almost three years."

It was settled that their marriage should take place in September.

"Then," said Sir Leonard, "we can spend the winter in Italy—and that will do Ethel good."

The morning following Sir Leonard saw his daughter walking in the grounds; he joined her there. She was in her favorite spot, the grove of lime-trees.

"I often thought of these lime-trees while I was away," he said. "Ethel, I am glad to find you here alone; I want to speak to you."

He saw her shrink with a kind of nervous dread.

"It is not of yourself," he hastened to add, "unless I stop for one minute to express my great satisfaction. You have grown, Ethel, and you are exceedingly beautiful; I do not want to flatter you, but I do not think amongst all the Gordons we have had one more fair than you."

She sighed to herself that this beauty had been but of little use to her—that his pride in it would be but of short duration.

"You will not be surprised to hear that I hope to be married soon," he continued.

"No," she said, gently, "I quite expected it."

"You have grown to like Helen, Ethel, as I thought you would."

Her colorless face flushed.

"She has been very kind and good to me, papa; I do not think that any one could have been kinder."

"I am glad of it. I knew it would be so. We shall be very happy yet, Ethel," and then Sir Leonard paused in sheer wonder.

What had come to her? He remembered certain incidents before he went away—he called to mind her pride, her defiance, her pretty, willful imperious ways, her caresses and persuasions. What had made her so meek, so gentle, so submissive?

He was about to say something as to the change, when he remembered Helen's advice, and was silent. After a time he continued:

"You will be Helen's bridesmaid, Ethel? She particularly wishes it."

She shrank back, pale, shuddering—scared at the very utterance of the words. Then her face flushed crimson, and a strange light came into her eyes.

"Papa, do not think me wanting in respect, but indeed, I could not. I have such a nervous dread of weddings, that it would make me ill to see one."

Sir Leonard laughed aloud.

"Why, Ethel, how unlike you are to other girls! I should have thought that of all things a wedding would have pleased you best."

He laughed and spoke jestingly; but he was startled at the pallor of her face. What could it mean?

"But, papa," she said, "I am not jesting. You cannot tell how much I dread anything of that kind. It is not girlish nonsense. I am a girl no longer. Sometimes I think that I am older than any one who has ever lived—I feel so old."

"A wedding will make you feel young again," returned Sir Leonard. "Seriously, Ethel, you must comply with my wish. To do otherwise would be to slight Helen in the eyes of the world; and that I am sure you do not desire."

"I should be unwilling to do that," she said, gravely. "If you insist, or if you think it needful, I will comply."

"Will you tell me, Ethel why you dislike weddings?" asked Sir Leonard. The words had struck him painfully.

"I think they are very solemn, very grave affairs," she replied, trying to speak lightly; and her father felt relieved—it was only a girlish, nervous fancy after all.

The wedding-day came. Helen Digby was married from Lady Stafton's house, and Lady Stafton made the most of a brilliant entertainment. The bride herself looked very fair and comely, the bridegroom manly and gallant; but every one there talked in low tones of the marvelous beauty, the pale, stony loveliness of the young girl who was Helen's bridesmaid—the girl who, while the solemn marriage service was read, drew her white lace shawl round her shoulders and shuddered as with mortal cold.

They talked in low tones, wondering what it was about the girl that seemed so cold and strange, wondering why the marvelous face never lighted up, nor the beautifully curved lips parted with a smile. Ethel's loveliness and grace created some little excitement amongst Lady Stafton's guests—the ladies all admired her, the men were quite enthusiastic about her; but, although the most delicate, subtle, graceful flattery was offered to her, and the most exquisite compliments were paid to her, no man could boast of a kind word or a smile from her.

Amidst the splendor of the wedding, the homage that floated around her, the admiration her loveliness excited, Ethel never forgot one thing—that she was the wife of a forger and a thief.

The guests might wonder at the grave, proud, collected manner, but no one even suspected the secret that had brought to Ethel death in life.

(To be continued.)

#### ANNUAL FAIR AT GUILFORD, CONN.

THE good people of the quiet, old-fashioned town of Guilford, Conn., held their twelfth annual town fair on Wednesday, October 13th. It was a thoroughly hearty old-time gathering, characteristic of the locality, and presenting pleasant features of homely, honest New England life.

Guilford is a pleasant, antique-looking town. Many of the houses date back to the old colonial days. The old stone house occupied by the Rev. Henry Whitfield, an English nonconformist leader who settled here in 1639, is still standing. There are, however, a few fine buildings of modern date, and there is an air of quiet comfort and solid thrift about the place.

In the centre of the town is a beautiful public square or village green, on which front the hotel, the principal stores and several churches. This spot was the centre of the fair. Beneath the fine old trees, whose leaves were touched with Autumn hues, in the streets, on the doorsteps, and in the neat little Music Hall, were arranged the articles on exhibition. Madison, Guilford, Branford, Stony Creek and other adjacent towns, vied with each other in displays of cattle and farm products. Teams of oxen with gayly-decked horns; drawing wagons loaded with golden pump-

kins, huge squashes, crimson beets, purple egg-plants, bright apples, luscious pears, and every variety of fruit and vegetable, were gathered together on the green. Cages containing buff Cochins and golden-tipped Dorkings, pouter turkeys and Emden geese, were ranged along the fences and doorsteps. One farmer had a cage of young foxes, who looked with longing eyes upon the caged poultry. The usual display of peddlers, side-shows, wheel-of-fortune men and other inevitable accessories of a fair-ground, enlivened the outside scene.

In the miniature hall were arranged the products of the dairy, canned fruit, pickles, specimens of cooking, and useful and fancy articles of domestic manufacture, the work of the hands of the fair daughters of Connecticut. Guilford was given up to fair, and everybody who came into the village could see all there was to be seen without money and without price.

At ten o'clock the North Guilford Martial Band drove into town in a large wagon. The band consisted of a fife, a cornet, two tenor drums and two bass drums. The performers on these strangely-assorted instruments were not the most thorough artists, but they made up in industry what they lacked in skill, and the people good-naturedly fell into line and marched behind them with evident satisfaction.

One of the features of the cavalcade was a venerable gentleman named Major Page. He is eighty-six years old, and the horse he rode was apparently coeval with the Major. This veteran militiaman, who lives in North Branford, commanded the Tenth Connecticut Militia fifty years ago. Notwithstanding the burden of years, the Major is lively and sprightly.

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, the hunter of the Adirondacks, is one of the celebrities of Guilford, and took a prominent part in the fair. He has one of the finest stock farms in America, about three miles from the village, and takes great interest in the improvement of stock. He had offered seventy-five dollars in prizes for the best yearling colts from one of his celebrated horses. Live Oak, and a dozen or more of that animal's progeny, were gathered for the clergyman's inspection. The prizes were awarded to the entire satisfaction of their recipients.

There was no race-track, other than the highway, at this primitive fair, but the visitors were treated to a little display of horsemanship. The Rev. Mr. Murray handled the ribbons, and sped his two noted stallions, Live Oak and Abdallah, twice or thrice around the square.

#### OPENING OF THE PITTSBURGH EXPOSITION.

THE first exposition of the industrial interests of the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., was opened on Thursday, October 7th. There was a long preliminary procession, composed of three regiments of State militia, the civic authorities, visiting members of the press, and a string of wagons in which specimens of the local manufactures were displayed. The Exposition Building is a wooden structure, built upon piles driven near the river in Allegheny, and contains an endless variety of useful, ornamental and curious articles.

Special interest centred about the press headquarters, as the representatives of the local journals had arranged a series of courtesies for their professional guests. On Saturday a large party visited the leading manufacturing establishments of Pittsburgh, South Pittsburgh, Allegheny City and Birmingham, and on the Monday following the visitors were escorted to the Castle Shannon coal mine, where they had a fine opportunity of seeing how the black diamonds are extracted from the jeweled bosom of mother earth. The exposition will remain open until November 6th.

#### AMERICAN METHOD OF FIGHTING ADOPTED BY NAPOLEON I.

SUCCESS in warfare depends on so great a number and variety of causes, that it is a very dangerous thing to attribute too great weight to any one single cause, however important. But there can be no doubt that a good deal of the success achieved by the French Napoleonic armies must be attributed to their having adopted a new system of tactics, and one to which their opponents were wholly unaccustomed. The greater development of fighting in extended order, skirmishing, in fact, which has, as we know, been of late years still more developed, was the new system of tactics alluded to, and this was resorted to—not invented by some military genius as some may have supposed—in the first place because there was no time to drill the troops into the stiff, formal, linear tactics of that period; and, in the second place, because there were still in the army many French officers who had seen the New England farmers adopt this very system with good results against British troops, who at that time followed Prussian models in most things. The superior intelligence and self-dependence of the mass of the citizens who were fighting "pro domo" in the American ranks over that of the heaven-knows-how enlisted soldiers of the British army who were fighting only for their daily subsistence, was no doubt what rendered this new-old system possible and successful. Under the pressure of, in many respects, very similar circumstances, the skirmishing system was therefore resorted to by the French in their warfare against Prussians, Austrians and Russians, and with very good results.

#### THE TRADE OF HOLLAND.

AGRICULTURAL products and fish constitute the chief trade of Holland. The wide pastures of the island of Texel feed 2,000 horned cattle, 1,000 horses and 30,000 sheep, which are celebrated throughout Europe. Every year 12,000 of the last are exported, and the quarterly fair is very picturesque, when these flocks of sheep and lambs are shipped off to the Continent. Through the basins of Harlingen, the port of Friesland, pass oxen and sheep, pigs and fowls, with mountains of cheese, fruits and eggs for Great Britain; here resort the provision-dealers of London to carry away butter-barrels, which are piled up on the docks like cannon-balls in an arsenal.

The canals are filled with the heavy-looking *tolks*, or market-boats, which bring the good things of the country down to the port. Flax is a very important article of cultivation in Friesland; the market of Dokkum is one of the largest in Europe. The chief houses of England, Germany and France have agents in this little town. The soil is incredibly rich; the peasants are well off; and there are few farmers who do not own some property in addition to the land they rent. It is rarely indeed that a tenant is turned out of his farm; families hold them for centuries, yet the lease is for only five or seven years, and stipulates how many head of cattle are to be fed on the meadows, and how much manure is to be laid on each acre; thus the soil is kept up to a wonderful state of fertility.—*Chambers's Journal*.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT IS ESTIMATED that 10,000,000 acres of land in Algeria are covered with a spontaneous growth of the Alpha plant. The exportation of this fibre for paper-making has increased rapidly during the past five or six years. In 1869 it amounted to 4,000 tons, in 1870 it rose to 32,000 tons, and in 1873 to 45,000 tons, while the past year's produce was expected to reach 60,000 tons. The average price at Oran is about 140 francs per ton.

MR. SALTER, UNITED STATES CONSUL, describes the interior of China along the course of the River Yang tse-kiang as a wonderful land, and full of mysteries. In one place, he says, piscicultural nurseries line the banks for nearly fifty miles. All sorts of inventions, the cotton-gin included, claimed by Europeans and Americans, are to be found there forty centuries old. Plants yielding drugs of great value, without number, the familiar tobacco and potato, maize, white and yellow corn, and other plants believed to be indigenous to America, have been there, he reports, cultivated from time immemorial.

THE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF TRAMWAY CAR, which is worked by compressed air, was recently tested on the Govan and Glasgow Railway. On two journeys out of the three the car started with a pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch, and on the third, which was commenced with a pressure of 200 pounds, the speed attained was ten miles an hour. The car was fully under control; the speed could be increased or reduced at pleasure, and the operations of starting, stopping and reversing were performed with the greatest facility. The estimated cost of the power is three halfpence per mile, whereas horse-power is calculated at sevenpence a mile. The vehicle resembles an ordinary car, but is a little higher, the reservoir of air being carried on the roof.

EXPERIMENTS with the electric light as a head-light for locomotives have recently been made in Russia on the railroad from Moscow to Kursk, with successful results. The apparatus consists in a battery of forty-eight couples, which produce sufficient illumination to light up the track for a distance of from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet. A small electric machine would serve the purpose much better than a galvanic battery, liable to injury by agitation. It is proposed to connect the mechanism directly with the front axle, the revolution of which will set it in operation. The chances of danger usually augment with the speed; but arranged as above described, the intensity of the light would increase in ratio, up to certain limits. In running slowly the illumination would be comparatively feeble; but in such case the bell, whistle and other signals would afford warning in ample time.

THE PAPER BARREL, some time ago proposed and experimented with as a substitute for the wooden article, is being rapidly introduced. The construction of this barrel is unique. It is made of successive layers of ordinary straw paper cemented together, and subjected in the process to an enormous pressure, the result of which is a compact sheet of considerable thickness, and, it is said, of far greater resisting force than the same thickness of the toughest wood that is known. The sheet thus formed has its two ends dovetailed, which are afterwards brought together and closed in the form of a cylinder, backed by a cleat of the same material, and held firmly in place by double pointed tacks, which are driven through and clinched on the inner side with great firmness and tenacity. The heads of the barrels are turned from wood and flanged, and inserted in the cylinder, being so secured as to be, it is alleged, much stronger and safer than in the common wooden barrel. The barrel may be subsequently strengthened by hoops, either of paper or iron, as may be desired, although it is asserted that the former answers the purpose sufficiently in all ordinary cases, and that, when thus made, the strength and durability of the barrel are very great.

A LARGE NUMBER of TUMULI in the Grand Traverse region of Michigan have been opened with gratifying results. In one there were two bodies that had been originally placed in a sitting position side by side. Both skulls were unearched, one being well preserved. Many of the bones crumbled to flour when rolled in the hand. There were no ornaments or implements of war detected. Those who were interested in the discovery and examination of the vestiges of Aztec villages in Arizona two or three years ago will remember that in the neighborhood of each human skeleton was a quantity of half-consumed charcoal. Some theorists said it had been placed there for sanitary purposes; others that the villages had been burned down; and others again that cremation had been practiced. It is noticeable that charcoal was also found about the heads of the bodies in the Michigan mound, and that both there and in Arizona the bones gave evidence of the body having been placed in an easy, natural posture. In connection with this it should be stated that about three years ago a boy while plowing on a farm turned up a stone four inches long, three wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, which had upon the smooth surface mysterious characters. Recently the gentleman into whose hands the strange stone fell exhibited it to Judge Ramsdell, and instead of being laughed at as he had anticipated, he was surprised by the judge going to his cabinet and producing a similar one. The characters are said to resemble the Greek; but several archaeologists have been consulted in vain for an interpretation.

THE PITTSBURGH "COMMERCIAL" gives a succinct description of the recently discovered remains of an old macadamized road extending along the right bank of the Monongahela River, opposite that city. Recently the Government engineering party engaged in the survey of the Upper Monongahela River, with a view of back-watering that stream from Morgantown to Fairmount, examined this old road, and from the members of the party we learn that there can be no doubt but that road furnishes another trace of the long race that once dominated the continent long before the Indians came into possession. There are traces of the road for nearly eleven miles along the narrow strip of bottom land between the hills and the river, though at many points the river, having shifted its channel and cut into the hills, has entirely obliterated evidence of it. Generally the road is covered by from two to five feet of alluvium, either deposited through the course of ages by the river floods, or else in the slow washing off of the hills skirting it. Its width is said to be about fifteen feet. The most curious feature about this road is that the stone from which it is formed appears invariably to have been burnt. Wherever the road shows itself in the cutting bank, it is marked by the black substratum of ashes. In depth, the broken stone varies from six to eighteen inches, of irregular fragments. The material employed appears to have been largely composed of boulders of red sand-stone, and the conjecture is that they were broken, after being made hot, by water thrown on them. There being few, if any, boulders in the river or adjacent country, the query arises, where could the material have been obtained to make this road. At the crossings of the streams there are no traces of bridge abutments or piers, which leads to the conclusion that the streams were crossed on wooden bridges. At many points the road is covered with trees over one hundred and fifty years old, which makes it certain that it was constructed long before the advent of the white man; and there are other circumstances surrounding the case which lead inevitably to the conclusion it was made in those early ages when a semi-civilized people inhabited North America. No one acquainted with the habits of the North American Indians would give them credit for constructing such a work of art as this.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALLEN'S 40,000 went into Hayes's 10,000 so many times that 4,753 were left over for the latter.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL MEIGS was a guest of the Emperor William during the recent Silesian manoeuvres.

THE Rev. Robert Laird Collier has declined a call to a Boston church with \$6,000 salary, and has accepted the pastorate of a church at Leicester, England.

GOUGH has attempted the most difficult work of his life, the adaptation of Molière's comedy "George Dandin" to operatic measure. Eight parts are already completed.

IN acknowledgment of their endeavors to transport salmon eggs to France, the Société d'Acclimatation has awarded a gold medal to Seth Green, a silver one to Mr. Jerome, both American naturalists, and a bronze one to Mr. Stone, Secretary of the American Piscicultural Association. Mr. Green is in correspondence with Frank Buckland concerning the best measure of preserving fish ova during long voyages, and also concerning the stocking of New Zealand rivers with Californian fish.

THE Pope's household at the Vatican numbers 537 persons. The Pope, Cardinal Antonelli, the Major Domo, Grand Almoner, and other officers number 14; the Pope has one valet and six servants; the police administration includes 15 persons; the Secretary of the State's Department numbers 29; the secret printing-office, 8; the apostolic antechamber has a dean, 23 courtiers, 3 servants, and 3 orderlies; and the Swiss Guards and the Pontifical Gendarmes number 200 men.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, the venerable Jew of London, who has but recently returned from a prolonged visit at Jerusalem, will be ninety-one years old November 24th. He undertook his journey for the purpose of studying the condition of the Jews at that place, and to disprove if possible the assertion of their laziness and thriftlessness. He was accorded the most distinguished honors both at Jerusalem, and at London upon his return. His health is still excellent, and he promises a book that will do full justice to the people of his own race in the distant East.

OSCAR II., King of Sweden, grandson of the famous Bernadotte, is an uncommonly popular sovereign. He speaks English fluently, and is one of the most approachable of public men. In speaking of the approaching Centennial, he recently said: "Considering the number of Swedes who have gone to the United States, it is but proper that my Government should take part in the Exposition. I have deep regret that in my earlier life I did not accept an opportunity of visiting the New World; but I may express my admiration for America and her institutions by sending one of my sons over next year."

THE death is announced at Capetown, Africa, August 17th, of Dr. Wilhelm Heinrich Immanuel Bleek, the distinguished philologist. He was the son of Dr. Friedrich Bleek, for thirty years Professor of Theology at Bonn. He was born in Berlin in 1827, and studied at the Universities of Berlin and Bonn. In 1855 he accompanied Bishop Colenso to Natal, and spent several months in the huts of the natives studying their language and manners. In 1869 he was appointed director of the library presented to the colony by Sir George Gray. His chief work was a comparative grammar of the South African languages.

DR. HANS GUIDO VON BULOW, the distinguished pianist, who arrived at Boston, October 10th, was born in Dresden, on the 8th of January, 1830. His father, Baron Von Bulow, was well-known as a novelist. Hans began his musical education under Madame Schumann's father, but was induced to abandon it and prepare for the Bar. Accordingly, in 1848, he went to Leipzig, and thence to Berlin, where he entered the University. After a brief wrestling with the intricacies of Blackstone, Coke and Vattel, he returned to his first love. Seeking the acquaintance of Liszt, he received such encouragement from that master, that he determined to devote himself exclusively to the piano. His first public office was at Zurich, where he assumed the *bâton* of the *chef d'orchestra*. In 1852, he appeared for the first time before the public as a pianist at the Balkenstadt Musical Festival, conducted by Liszt himself. He next made a tour through Germany and Hungary, during which his reputation was thoroughly established. In 1854 he succeeded Kullak as first professor of the piano at the Conservatoire, and after another successful tour through Breslau, Posen and Danzig, he settled down in Berlin, in 1855. Four years later he went to Paris, where Wagner was superintending the production of his "Tannhäuser," and achieved further triumphs. In 1864 he was invited to Munich to conduct Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde;" and in 1867 he was commanded by the King of Bavaria to found, with Wagner's co-operation, a School of Music, and was appointed the first capelmeister. In 1869 he resigned this office on account of ill health. A few years later he entered upon another professional tour, and in 1873 he gave his first concert in London. His career since that is too well known to require mention. His tour of this country, during the Fall and Winter, will prove one of the most marked musical events of the season.

THE Hon. John K. Hackett, Recorder of the City of New York, who was thrown overboard by Tammany Hall because he refused to permit political interference in the management of his Court, is descended from an old Long Island family, but a native of New York. He is now about fifty-one years of age. His father was the late distinguished comedian, James H. Hackett. He was admitted to the Bar in this city at an early age, and soon after removed to California, where he practiced his profession several years. He returned to his native city in 1856. In 1861 he was a candidate of the Democratic Party for Corporation Counsel, but, although he failed to receive the nomination, he was retained as counsel of the city in many important cases against it. His remarkable ability was very favorably exhibited in the management of the cases growing out of the draft riots of 1863. In 1866 he was appointed, by the Supervisors of the County, Recorder upon the resignation of John T. Hoffman, who had then been elected Mayor, and in the Fall of that year Mr. Hackett was elected to the Recorder'ship for three years. He was re-elected at succeeding elections. The Court over which he presides is the highest one in the city of purely criminal jurisdiction, having equal powers in all such cases as the Supreme Court or Oyer and Terminer. A great prerogative of his office—the fixing of terms of imprisonment of convicted criminals—has been exercised in such a manner as to make his name a *bête noir* to all evil-doers. The Recorder has not known a day to close without bringing to him threatening and blackmailing letters, and although of the most fearless disposition, his friends have virtually compelled him to accept the protection of an armed policeman while upon the street. Many a time has he been seen walking down Broadway to his Court, accompanied by one of the "Six-foot Squad." The following sentences in his reply to the demand of Tammany Hall, are the best evidences of official probity: "If there exists an office which more than any other should be utterly divorced from political considerations, it is that of a clerk or deputy clerk of a criminal court. \* \* \* The officers who escort and guard prisoners to and from the City Prison and who guard them in court, and to some extent control process, ought not to be mere politicians. \* \* \* The Legislature has wisely placed the selection of such officers in the exclusive jurisdiction of the judges of the court. \* \* \* I cannot sanction your proposition."

## Mlle. Theresa Titiens.

Mlle. Theresa Titiens, the queen of song, who has been delighting New York audiences for the past two weeks, comes to us with the highest European reputation. She has won the greatest honors in her art in the most cultivated musical centres on the Continent, and has for a long time been the ruling favorite in London, where she annually received for her services at Drury Lane Theatre £10,000, besides the right of singing at concerts throughout the year. Frequently Mlle. Titiens has received the most flattering offers to come to the United States, but without success until recently, when Mr. Max Strakosch engaged her for an American tour.

Mlle. Titiens was born in Hamburg in 1834. Her parents are of Hungarian origin, and were in humble circumstances. The development of a fine dramatic power and the possession of a noble soprano voice by their daughter induced the parents to make every exertion to obtain a thorough musical education for her. She was early placed under the tuition of a musical teacher of great ability, in the old school where Mesdames Pasta, Grisi and Schroeder were once pupils. In 1849 Mlle. Titiens made her debut at the principal theatre of her native city, in the character of *Lucretia Borgia*. From Hamburg she went to Vienna and Frankfort, where she created a marked sensation in the rôles of *Lucretia*, *Leonora* and *Norma*. In 1858 she made her first appearance in England, at Her Majesty's Theatre. She at once established herself as a favorite with the critical and cultivated Londoners, and since then that city has been the field of her greatest triumphs. She has won great distinction by her rendition of the characters of *Valentine*, *Fidelio*, *Marquise*, *Semiramide*, *Lucretia*, *Norma*, *Yphigenia*, *Medea* by Cherubini, and the *Countess* in Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro." Mlle. Titiens has also visited Italy, where she met with considerable success.

The distinguished prima donna is a woman of generous physique, being both tall and ample in person, and bears in her countenance the evidences of her German origin. Her eyes are gray and slightly prominent; her mouth, curved and firm, and her abundant hair of dark brown, dressed à la Pompadour, gives her the appearance of being taller than she really is. Her manner is both dignified and suave, and a foreign accent betrays itself but rarely in her speech.

When in London, she resides in a lovely villa at St. John's Wood, with her mother and family. Her house is furnished with great taste, and is surrounded by fine gardens. Here she entertains a numerous and devoted circle of friends, who regard her with the utmost consideration and respect. Her noble character and her many charities have endeared her to all classes of society in Great Britain, and she has frequently been the recipient of addresses and costly presents from the clergy and heads of various charitable institutions. Some two years ago she was presented in Dublin with a superb casket and an illuminated address signed by the Cardinal-Archbishop and the canons of his cathedral, who desired thereby to testify their gratitude to the great singer for frequent acts of benevolence she had performed in their city. Mlle. Titiens has won hosts of friends in New York by her pleasing manners, as well as by her merits as an artist, and she can always feel assured, not only of a hearty welcome in this city, but also in every other city which she may visit on this Continent.



Mlle. Theresa Titiens.—Photographed by Mora.

## THE STATUE OF GOVERNOR ANDREW OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE statue of John A. Andrew, the great War Governor of Massachusetts, in the old churchyard at Hingham, was formally dedicated on Friday, October 8th. A procession passed through

the town to the cemetery, and an oration was pronounced by General H. B. Sargent, and addresses were delivered by Governor Gaston, General N. P. Banks and Hon. George B. Loring. A special train took the Governor and his staff and other officials from Boston, who were escorted by the Independent Cadets, accompanied by a band.

The ceremonies were of a very impressive character.

The design of honoring Governor Andrew with a fitting memorial originated at a social reunion of Massachusetts officers three or four years ago. An appeal for subscriptions was issued soon after by a sub-committee. The idea of the Association, which at first contemplated nothing more than the erection of a simple but suitable monument, was gradually expanded, until a Building Committee was appointed, made up of General Horace Binney Sargent, Chairman; Colonel A. A. Rand, Secretary; Colonel A. L. Marsh, Treasurer; Colonel Henry S. Russell, Colonel Francis J. Parker, and Mr. Thomas Y. Bouve, by whom a contract for a portrait-statue of the Governor was made with Mr. Thomas R. Gould.

Subscriptions came in gradually, and about four months ago the statue was shipped from Leghorn to Boston. Solid granite foundations were at once laid at the expense of the trustees of the Hingham Cemetery, and in due time the statue was set up in its final position. After the arrival of the statue in this country a strong movement was set on foot by Boston subscribers and others to change its destination to the Common or to Mount Auburn; but the decision of the Association, as well as the wishes of Mrs. Andrew, were in favor of the original plan.

The monument is admirably located upon a lot adjacent to that in which the Governor is buried. The statue is of white marble, six feet high, and stands on a pedestal of the same material, and nearly of the same height. The lower half of the pedestal is octagonal. The upper part of the pedestal is round, with the simple inscription "ANDREW," in large raised letters.

The statue cannot fail to command the hearty admiration of all who see it. It is heroic and noble. The likeness is striking and the attitude easy. The dress is well managed. A large cloak, knotted at the throat, and reaching to the feet, is thrown back from the left shoulder, relieving the stout figure of the Governor, and revealing the double-breasted frock-coat buttoned closely and hanging to the knees.

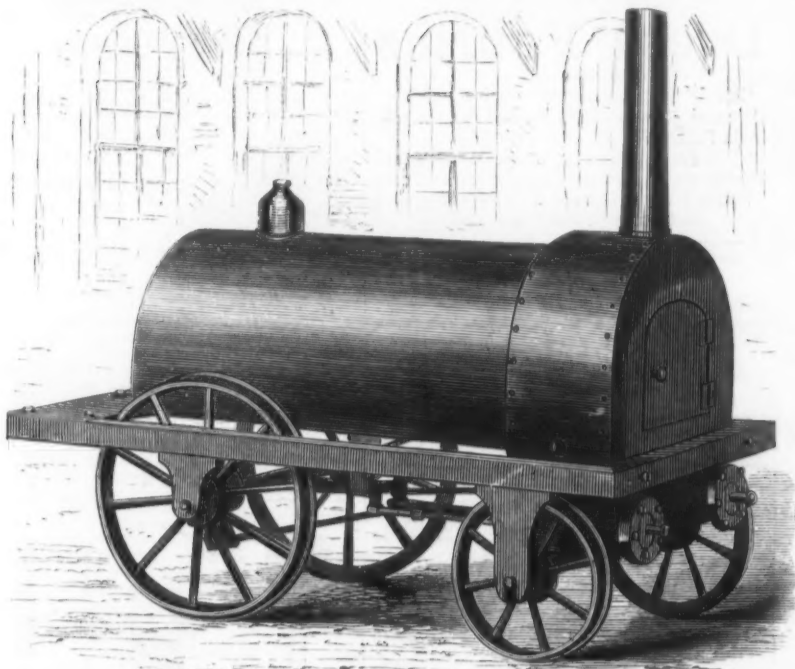
The weight of the body rests on the left foot, the right moved forward and projecting over the edge of the pedestal. The short throat is dressed with a narrow round-cornered standing collar, and the fine head and familiar features, in which blend sense, resolution, kindness and manly beauty, are striking and lifelike.

## THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE RUN IN THE UNITED STATES.

WAS there ever such a raking-up of old stoves, clocks, swords, guns, and the thousand and one disused articles that are generally consigned to the garret store-room, as there is at present? While the Centennial Exposition bids fair to show off every useful thing, process, industry and product worth seeing, it will also form the greatest curiosity-shop the world has ever possessed. As a mechanical wonder, and at the same time an indication of the progress made in railroad industry, Georgia has furnished up an apparatus which is claimed to be a working model of the first locomotive ever run in this country. It is at present the property of John G. Eckman, of Macon. The engine was built in Liverpool in 1825, and sent to this country for the purpose of exhibiting to our people



MASSACHUSETTS.—UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF THE LATE GOVERNOR JOHN A. ANDREW AT HINGHAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. R. MORSE.



JOHN G. ECKMAN'S LOCOMOTIVE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. J. BROWN, MACON, GA.

the working of the new iron horse. It has one pair of driving-wheels, and one pair of pilot-wheels. The boiler is of copper; the smoke-box of Russia iron, the wheels of brass with round spokes, and the frame of cast iron. The valve motion is very peculiar, and different from that of any engine now in use, or that has been in use in a great many years. It is simply a round valve, like a common gauge-cock, with a recess cut at right angles and about one-third around the valve. This recess is filled with steam, and by direct action from the eccentric to the arm of the valve, motion is derived. The escape steam passes through the centre of the valve by an apparatus on each side and out at the end. Steam is generated by an oil-lamp suspended beneath the boiler. At the time the engine was built the slide valve, now in use, had not been invented, and was not for some years after. It is not believed by men well-informed in mechanics that there is another engine in the United States with the same valve motion.

## THE WATER BABIES.

THE engraving represents an original design in plaster by Marshall S. Gould, a young sculptor not yet twenty years of age, but who has shown from his infancy a marked promise in the region of art, and who has been for the last three years a close student in the studio of his father, Thomas R. Gould, the well-known sculptor of Florence.

The charm of this design, which our illustration can barely hint at, is first, in the fresh thought of two little children finding shelter in a shell; then in the natural grouping of their figures, the younger nestling trustfully by the side of his protector; but finally in the sweet and tender human relation culminating in the differing expression of their faces, the infantile content in the little fellow's look harmoniously contrasted with the confident cheer blended with baby innocence in the look of the elder.

The cherub faces which the young sculptor has given to these palpy little sea-folk seem to have descended from another sphere,

"As they on honey-dew had fed,  
And drank the milk of Paradise."

The figures are the size of infant life, and the whole is now being sculptured out of a single block of marble in Florence. It will be exhibited at the great Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876.



THE PENN STATUE FOR FAIRMOUNT PARK.—FROM A SKETCH BY WILLARD P. SNYDER.

the city, which rests upon the stump of a tree. When cast, it will be placed in the Park, and remain there until the completion of the public buildings on Broad and Market Streets, when it will be set as a final upon the dome. This, it is estimated, will be fully 500 feet above the sidewalk, making it the highest specimen of terminal architecture in the world. Bailey's excellent statue will prove a most fitting pinnacle to the enormous structure.

## GOLD MEDAL

FOR THE HEROES OF THE  
"METIS" WRECK.

ON the 30th of August, 1872, the steamer *Metis*, of the New York and Providence Steamship Company, with an unusually large number of passengers, and a valuable cargo of fruit and assorted goods, was struck suddenly by a schooner laden with iron, when off Point Judith, and immediately began to fill. The night was remarkably stormy, and as the hull went down the hurricane-deck floated off with a large number of frantic passengers clinging to it. The next morning the United States revenue cutter *Moccasin*, seeing the distress, hastened to the remains of the wreck, and rescued many men and women. Later in the day the deck was driven upon the rocks at Watch Hill, and the passengers were then in greater danger than before. Of the 155 persons on

the *Metis* at the time of the disaster, 107 were saved, 52 killed or drowned, and 23 reported missing.

In acknowledgment of the heroism displayed by certain parties, Congress passed a resolution providing for the striking of gold medals to be presented to the rescuers.

These have just been received from the Mint by the Treasury Department. They are fine in number, and have an intrinsic value of \$140 each. Upon one side is a view of the scene of the wreck, with the Watch Hill Lighthouse on the right, the remains of the *Metis* in the background, and a life-boat with five sailors in the foreground.

Upon the other, and within a wreath, are the words:

"To  
for  
Courage and Humanity,  
in the  
Saving of Life  
From the Wreck  
of the  
Steamer *Metis*,  
on  
Long Island Sound,  
August 31st, 1872."

spent five months in the unexplored regions of the Rocky Mountains with Prof. Hayden's Expedition. For his knowledge of the physical world and scientific education, Mr. Southworth was elected Secretary of the Geographical Society, now embracing 1,800 members.

REVIEW OF THE FIRST DIVISION,  
N.G.S.N.Y., BY GOVERNOR TILDEN.

THE Annual Review of the First Division, N.G.S.N.Y., by Governor Tilden, Commander-in-Chief, took place on Wednesday afternoon, October 14th. A stand had been erected opposite the Worth Monument, Madison Square, for the accommodation of a number of invited guests, and long before 3 o'clock, the hour appointed for the review, the structure was densely crowded, and the outskirts of the park and the adjacent streets were filled with throngs of spectators.

At 3:30 o'clock, P. M., the Governor, accompanied by his staff, and escorted by a section of the Washington Gray troop, passed down the line and inspected the troops. This portion of the ceremony



"THE WATER BABIES."—A GROUP IN MARBLE, FOR THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA, BY MARSHALL S. GOULD, OF BOSTON, MASS.

Partially encircling this is the inscription: "By Resolution of Congress, February 24th, 1873."

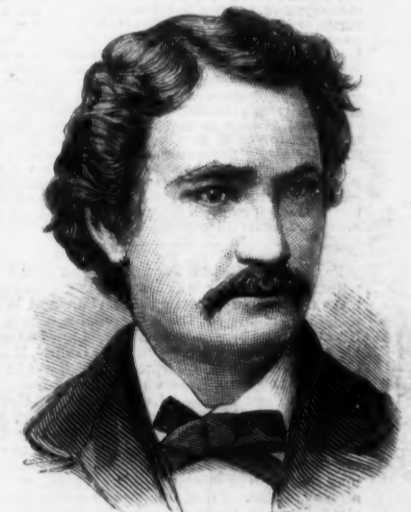
The names of the recipients are—Captain J. S. Crandall, Albert Crandall, Daniel F. Larkin, Frank Larkin, Byron Green, John D. Harvey, Courtland Gavitt, Eugene Nash and Edwin Nash.

## ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH.

ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH, Secretary of the American Geographical Society, was born in Lockport, N. Y., in 1848. His family on both sides is of ancient origin—his lineal ancestors, the Southworths, having come to Massachusetts in 1623, and having for six hundred years previously lived in Kent, as barons of the realm. Mr. Southworth's father is the Hon. M. M. Southworth, holding the office of District Attorney of Niagara County during seventeen years of distinguished service. On his mother's side the traveler represents the famous Adams stock of New England.

Mr. Southworth now appears before the public as the author of "Four thousand Miles of African Travel," a brilliant and sparkling description of a lively year spent 2,500 miles to the southward of the Mediterranean. No American of his age has traveled further or participated in more notable events than the author. Four years a midshipman in the United States Navy, he crossed the Atlantic in the famous *Dunderberg*, and returned to become a member of the staff of the *New York Herald*. He was throughout both sieges of Paris and in the field an active participant and narrator. He has visited every country in Europe, and last Summer

over, he returned to the point of review and took up his position, supported by his staff, on the right of the stand. In a few moments the line appeared, headed by a platoon of police, selected from the Broadway Squad, under Superintendent Walling. General Shaler and the First Division Staff followed, and after saluting, took a stand to the right of the Governor. The Third Brigade held the right of the line, and appeared first under General Varian. The



ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THE "METIS" MEDAL.—OBVERSE.



THE "METIS" MEDAL.—REVERSE.

Seventh Regiment, under Colonel Emmons Clark, was the first body to pass in review, ten companies of eighteen files each. The alignments were well kept, the Governor acknowledging the precision in a special salute. The Ninth followed, under Colonel Hitchcock, ten companies of fifteen files each. The Eighth, under Colonel Scott, with eight companies of twelve files, were followed by the Fifty-fifth, Lieutenant-Colonel Schilling in command. This closed the line of the Third Brigade, the Second following, under command of General Ward. The Twelfth Regiment held the right here under Colonel John Ward, eight companies of twelve files each. The Sixty-ninth Regiment, under Colonel Cavanagh, followed, of seven companies of twelve in file. The twenty-second Regiment, with Colonel Porter in command, paraded eight companies of sixteen files each. The Seventy-first, under Lieutenant-Colonel Chaddock, in place of Colonel Vose, had eight companies of twelve in file. The Seventy-ninth, under Colonel Laing, six companies of twelve in file. General Vilmar's command, the First Brigade, was headed by Colonel Conkling, and the Eighth Regiment, with seven companies of twelve files. Colonel Spencer came



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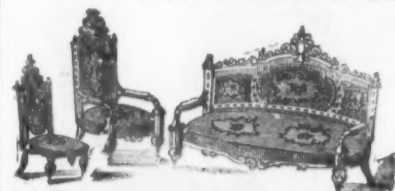
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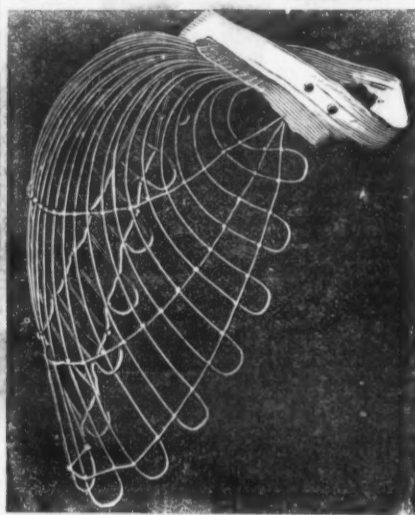
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THE DRAWING TO TAKE PLACE AT COVINGTON, KY., OCTOBER 30th, 1875.

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1 Prize of \$50,000 is.....	\$50,000
1 Prize of 20,000 is.....	20,000
1 Prize of 10,000 is.....	10,000
4 Prizes of 5,000 are.....	20,000
10 Prizes of 2,500 are.....	25,000
50 Prizes of 1,000 are.....	50,000
50 Prizes of 500 are.....	25,000
50 Prizes of 250 are.....	12,500
200 Prizes of 100 are.....	20,000

**APPROXIMATION PRIZES.**

4 of \$2,000 Approximating to \$50,000 are	\$8,000
4 of 1,375 Approximating to 20,000 are	5,500
4 of 1,000 Approximating to 10,000 are	4,000
5,000 Prizes of \$10 are.....	50,000

5,379 Prizes amounting to \$300,000.

Whole Tickets, \$10; Halves, \$5; Quarters, \$2.50.

Send for Circular. Address all orders to

**SIMMONS, DICKINSON & CO.,** Covington, Ky.

**Constant Window Ventilator**



**"SUPPLIES PURE AIR WITHOUT DRAUGHT."**

Simply because it propels, and at the same time DISTRIBUTES, air in large circles. It can be used in any window, partition, chimney, door, car, etc. Will prevent show-windows from frosting or steaming by taking out hot and bringing in cold air. Thousands in use in principal Hotels, Banks, Schools, Newspaper Houses, etc. References mailed to show that Ventilators are Noiseless, Durable, and will do everything claimed for them. Sold by Hardware Dealers, Metal Workers, Glass Dealers, House Furnishing Stores, etc., and at wholesale only by  
**Constant Ventilator Co.,**  
77 GREENE STREET, N. Y.

Messrs. DUNLAP & Co., Hatters, 132 Mercer Street, N.Y., write as follows: "Your Ventilators have become a necessity with us, as they effectually protect our employees from headache, and enable them to do more work."

**"DON'T, TOMMY! DON'T!"**



This cut gives a faint idea of the subject and general outline of our "New Original Oil Chromo" sold with the publications named below.

**This New Original Oil Chromo,**

Size 13 1/4 x 18 1/4 INCHES, IN 15 COLORS,

WILL BE FURNISHED TO EVERY PURCHASER OF  
No. 1046 Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.  
No. 949 Frank Leslie's Illustrirte Zeitung.  
No. 542 Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.  
No. 206 Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal.

ISSUED THE FIRST WEEK IN OCTOBER.

A Copy of either Publication, with a Copy of the Chromo, to cost but  
30 Cents.



THE CRUEL GAME MUST STOP.

WENDELL PHILLIPS—"I'm not only an orator, but also a man of letters. Here's my No. 3: and if you are not convinced by it, I'll write as many more as there are in the alphabet."  
CARL SCHURZ—"I have something else to do now than to explode your 'financial wisdom,' which is sheer folly and nonsense. It's scarcely worth while to continue the cruel game."

**THE "GOOD RECORD"**  
LITTLEFIELD'S 1875

Reversible and Diffusive Flue Base-Burner, Nickel-Plated Trimmings and Foot-Rests.



Be sure and compare prices before buying.  
No. 3.....\$35.  
3.....30.  
4.....35.  
5.....40.  
6.....45.  
With High Top.  
6.....  
EXTRA LARGE.

For sale by dealers generally.

If you cannot find this Stove in your town, send for Catalogue to the

**Littlefield Stove Co.,**  
ALBANY, N. Y.,  
MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS

"Morning Glory" Stoves and Furnaces.

"New England" & "Littlefield" Ranges, etc.

**ALBRO & BROTHERS,**  
DEALERS IN  
**Teas, Coffees, and Wines,**  
No. 156 BOWERY, NEW YORK,  
West Side, Fourth Door above Broome Street.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INVITE YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING

**LIST OF PRICES: NEW TEAS.**

OOLONG TEA.		YOUNG HYSON TEA.	
GOOD QUALITY.....	36 cts. per Pound.	GOOD QUALITY.....	45 cts. per Pound.
FINE ".....	48 "	FINE ".....	60 "
EXTRA FINE QUALITY.....	60 "	EXTRA FINE QUALITY.....	75 "
CHOICE ".....	75 "	CHOICE ".....	85 "
BEST ".....	88 "	BEST ".....	1 00 "
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA.		GREEN AND BLACK MIXED TEAS.	
GOOD QUALITY.....	36 cts. per Pound	GOOD QUALITY.....	36 cts. per Pound.
FINE ".....	48 "	FINE ".....	48 "
EXTRA FINE QUALITY.....	60 "	EXTRA FINE QUALITY.....	60 "
BEST ".....	80 "	BEST ".....	80 "
UNCOLORED JAPAN TEA.		HYSON AND IMPERIAL TEAS.	
FINE QUALITY.....	60 cts. per Pound.	GOOD QUALITY.....	45 cts. per Pound.
EXTRA FINE QUALITY.....	80 "	FINE ".....	60 "
BEST ".....	1 00 "	EXTRA FINE QUALITY.....	75 "
		BEST ".....	85 "

**COFFEE**

**ROASTED AND GROUND EVERY MORNING.**

We would call particular attention to the following List of WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKIES, etc., as they are of very fine quality, and warranted pure:

<b>Hennessey and Otard Brandies.</b> At \$4, \$6, \$8, \$10 and \$12 per Gallon.	<b>Meder's Swan Gin.</b> At \$4, \$5 and \$6 per Gallon.
<b>Old Rye and Bourbon Whiskies.</b> At \$3, \$4, \$5 and \$6 per Gallon.	<b>Scotch and Irish Whiskies.</b> At \$4, \$5 and \$6 per Gallon.
<b>Jamaica Rum.</b> At \$4, \$6, \$8 and \$10 per Gallon.	<b>Madeira, Sherry and Port Wines.</b> At \$3, \$4, \$6, \$8 and \$10 per Gallon.

**All Kinds of Refined Sugars at the Refiners' Lowest Prices.**

Any orders which you may favor us with will be promptly attended to, and if any article sent does not prove satisfactory, you can return it, and receive your money again, as all the goods sold by us are warranted to give entire satisfaction.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.**

Sold by all dealers.

Wholesale Warehouse, 91 John St., N. Y.  
**JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.**

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The Illustrated Catalogue of the  
**Excelsior Portable Printing Presses? \$3.**

Press now ready. Every man his own printer. A few dollars buy press and type for printing cards, labels, envelopes, etc., at quarter printers' prices. Save money and increase business by live advertising. Send 2 stamps for catalogue to the m'rs. KELSEY & Co., Meriden, Conn.

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**NEW SCHEME. NEW SCHEME.**  
**\$50,000 in Prizes every Fifteen Days.**  
1 Prize of.....\$100,000  
2 Prizes of \$25,000 each.....50,000  
1 Prize of.....10,000  
23 Prizes of \$1,000 each.....23,000  
Circulars with full particulars free. Prizes cashed.  
P. C. DEVLIN, Stationer and General Agent, 30 Liberty Street, New York.

Established Over 20 Years.  
**MARSHALL & WENDELL**  
Piano Fortes.—Unexcelled in durability. Send for price-list. Factory, 911 to 923 Broadway, Albany, N.Y.

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Clothiers  
398, 400, & 402  
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Gents' and Children's Fashionable Clothing Ready Made and to order.  
No House Can, No House Shall, give a Better Article for the

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NEW YORK HOUSE, No. 112 FIFTH AVENUE.  
WM. KNABE & CO., Baltimore and New York.